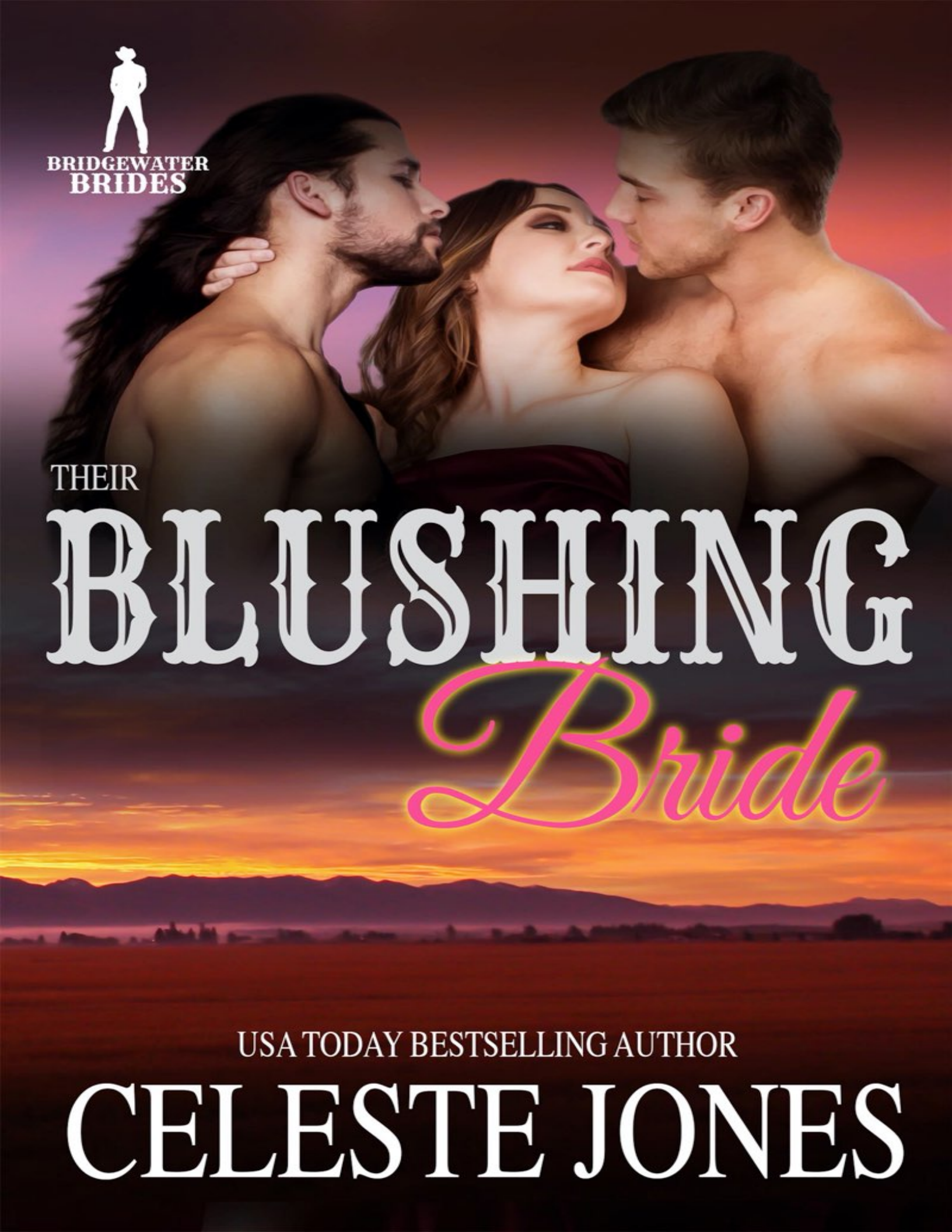
BRIDGEWATER
BRIDES
THEIR
BLUSHING
Bride
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
CELESTE JONES

# THEIR BLUSHING BRIDE

A BRIDGEWATER BRIDES NOVEL

CELESTE JONES

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Cover design: Bridger Media

Cover graphic: Period Images; Deposit Photos: klippel1

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Welcome to Bridgewater, where one cowboy is never enough! *Their Blushing Bride* is published as part of the Bridgewater Brides World, which includes books by numerous authors inspired by Vanessa Vale's *USA Today* bestselling series. This is a steamy standalone read. Enjoy!

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# 1

RYE

I STEPPED out of the livery and stretched my legs, eager for a drink and a meal before we got on with things, though I was sure Keane and I were on a fool's errand.

A week in the city of Butte to find a bride. A woman suitable for both of us and agreeable to the type of marriage to which we were committed. A Bridgewater bride.

To share. Between us. Share our life on the ranch at Bridgewater with others of the same mindset. A woman to be cherished and honored by her husbands.

And fucked thoroughly. Often.

A Bridgewater bride was a satisfied woman, in all ways.

Now, we simply needed to find her. The right combination of sweet and sensual, bright and eager to learn our ways, and with enough grit and backbone to thrive on a ranch with two horny husbands.

No small task, but the reward for the right woman would be years of happiness, safety, and security. She would want for nothing.

Bridgewater wasn’t for the fainthearted. Of course, she would be protected and worshipped, but winter in the Montana mountains was harsh. We didn’t have all the trappings of a city like Butte, either.

But, we had a community. Each working our share. Keane and I, both experienced horsemen, oversaw the stables and tended to the breeding stock. Demand for Bridgewater horses increased each year. We were busy and proud of our work. But, we were missing one thing. A woman. A wife.

"What a wonderful day." Keane sidled up to me, face alight with excitement. He annoyed the hell out of me with his enthusiasm and exuberance, and yet, I could think of no man I trusted more. No other man with whom I would even consider sharing a bride.

I nodded in response. "Let’s get settled at the hotel. Plus, I could use a drink."

Keane rolled his eyes. "The saloon next door will be open for hours. Let’s head into the park. It’s a fine afternoon, and I’m sure all the local ladies will be out."

"Oh good. We’ll be able to sit on a bench and simply pick the one we like best," I said. "As if choosing a sweet from the spread at a church picnic."

He gave me a look. "Sarcasm will not win us a bride. Now, come on." He slipped the livery boy some money and instructed him to deliver our bags to the Imperial Hotel across the street before the two of us entered the park.

Much as I hated to admit it, Keane’s idea was a sound one. Not that I thought we’d stroll into the park, Cupid’s arrow would strike, and we’d stroll out with a woman on our arms, but after most of a day spent in the saddle, it felt good to move.

"Ah, smell the fresh spring air," Keane said, inhaling deep and pounding his chest to make a point. And also to piss me off. When I gave him a sideways glance, he grinned and punched my arm. "Come on, Rye. We've got a whole week to enjoy the city and find love. Could you loosen your stiff upper lip and try to have some fun?"

I let out an exasperated breath as we made our way through the well-kept park in the center of Butte. It was a busy place, not surprising on a warm afternoon.

Keane was right, as much as I hated to admit it. "I'm sorry," I replied. "I am simply skeptical we'll be able to find a bride with as much ease as you seem to think we will."

"Oh ye of little faith," he said.

At that moment, a wide-brimmed ladies' hat came tumbling along the path and landed at our feet. I bent down to retrieve it, and when I stood my gaze met that of the most extraordinary woman I had ever seen. Her doe-like eyes peered clearly into mine, and my breath caught in my throat. Her pink lips parted, and the tip of her tongue stroked across her bottom lip.

Oh hell. That tongue. In an instant I envisioned her mouth filled with my cock, that shy tongue licking my hardness with fervor. I shifted slightly to accommodate the bulge forming in my crotch.

Her cheeks were flushed from chasing the hat, or perhaps she was not immune to me, either. Wisps of her fawn-colored hair had come loose to frame her delicate face.

For a breathtaking moment, the three of us simply stared at each other.

Finally, she spoke. "Thank you for rescuing my hat." She reached out a dainty hand, expecting me to return the hat to her, but I could not move. Her voice captivated me. The sight of her, like an enchanted sprite appearing in the morning mist. A jolt shot through my body, unlike anything I had ever experienced in my entire thirty-two years. Perhaps Keane had been right all along. Fuck me.

"We are happy to be of service," Keane finally managed to say, tugging the lady’s hat from my grip. Though I was reluctant to part with it, I relented. Her lips turned up in a small smile, perhaps some humor at my expense, since I continued to stand mute. Silenced by her grace and beauty. The color in her cheeks continued, and her eyes were bright from exercise. An image of her, eyes shining and cheeks flushed after a thorough fucking came to my mind. My cock stiffened.

Taking the hat from Keane and placing it on her head, she tucked the stray hairs in. "Well," she said, her gaze lingering on each of us for a moment, "I thank you again, gentlemen."

"Please," I removed my hat and used it to cover the bulge in my pants, "allow us to introduce ourselves, I am Rye, and this is Keane."

She nodded to each of us. "I am pleased to meet you both. My name is Lily. Lily Snow." She turned to leave. "I really must be going." She took a couple of steps.

"Wait," Keane called after her, and she swung back to us. "May we…"

But before Keane could finish his question, two children ran to her. A boy and a girl. Lily’s face lit up when she saw them, and they wrapped their arms around her legs, one on each side. She hugged and kissed them so tenderly, I was jealous.

"We found you!" the boy exclaimed.

Lily laughed and tousled his hair. "Good for you. I have retrieved my hat. Let us be on our way home." She glanced up at us—was that a hint of reluctance in her gaze? "Thank you again, gentlemen."

And she walked away.

Keane and I stood there, stunned. She was right there, the woman we both wanted. I knew it. Keane knew it. I knew he knew it.

Why the hell didn’t she know it?

My heart clutched in my chest, and I gaped, watching her walk away, a child on either side of her, as though she’d barely noticed us.

I stared after her. The brim of her hat tilted a bit in the breeze, and I prayed it would blow off again, and I'd be able to retrieve it and have one more conversation with her.

But the hat stayed in place, and she continued sashaying out of our lives. I watched the sway of her hips as she walked. Her shapely bottom filled her skirt and I yearned to grasp it between my palms, squeeze and spank it. Do all sorts of depraved things to it and listen to her squeal with ecstasy as I did so.

Yes, she had children, but what did I care? Her affection for them only made her more appealing. I imagined her suckling our children, the many Keane and I would make with her, filling her with our seed over and over until we had to add on an additional story to our cabin at Bridgewater.

"We should follow her," Keane said, and I nodded, taking a step toward her. But before we took more than a couple of steps, a well-dressed man approached her, and the children ran to him.

Though they did not hug him the way they had hugged Lily, he took the boy and girl each firmly by the wrist, and the four of them exited the park. Lily walked a few paces behind, her head slightly bowed. The spark that had been so evident in her face had vanished, replaced with something I couldn't quite identify. Sadness? Fear? Resignation?

If she was mine—ours—I'd know every subtle change in her expression. Each nuance of her lovely face. It would be my mission to assure her safety and happiness. To discern her thoughts and moods before she did.

Anger welled in me at the possibility she was mistreated. How could any man not cherish her, honor her as the priceless treasure she was? The damn fool.

"Something's not right," I said, staring after them. "Why the hell is she walking behind them like a second-class citizen? And look at her face. She's got her head down, like she hopes he doesn't notice her."

How could any man not pay attention to her?

My stomach knotted. It was bad enough she couldn’t be ours, and if I thought she was happy in her current situation, I’d set my disappointment aside. But that clearly was not the case. A woman deserved constant pleasure, in bed and out. This one was neglected by her husband on all fronts, it seemed. It was wrong. Fucking wrong.

As they neared the exit to the park, the husband turned and spoke to her. She gave him a wan smile. One that didn’t reach her soulful eyes. If she were my wife, I’d ensure a smile was constantly upon her lips, well satisfied from having her pussy eaten before she rose every morning. My mouth watered at the very idea. She’d start each day moaning with climax after climax. Greeting the rising sun with her cries of pleasure.

And every night Keane and I would fuck her senseless, her sweet body shared between us, her every need satisfied beyond measure.

But she didn’t belong to us. I’d been wrong. There was a woman in Butte for us. It seemed, though, she belonged to another.

---

LILY

ONCE MY CHARGES, Michael and Hannah, had been put to bed, I was called before my employer, Mr. Richard Garner, and his wife. I had never heard her first name spoken aloud, even by her husband.

"You wish to see me, sir?" We were in the library where he perched behind his desk with a cigar and brandy after dinner. Mrs. Garner kept her gaze focused on a bit of needlework in her lap.

"Who were those men you spoke to in the park? What did they want? What did you say to them?" The lewd implication of his words was so

obvious even his milquetoast wife looked up and peered at me with beady, judgmental eyes.

"I have no idea what you are talking about, Mr. Garner," I lied. Of course I knew who he was talking about. I'd been unable to think of anything else since the encounter with Rye and Keane, a pair of gentlemen who had, in a matter of moments, awakened something in me I had not known existed. Awareness. Womanliness. Rye had close-cropped hair while Keane had long, dark tresses, held back in a leather tie. I'd never seen a gentleman with hair like that. Wild and rebellious, as I suspected Keane to be.

Rye's eyes were the color of the sky on a clear spring morning and Keane's were as dark as the sky at midnight. Their gazes looked not just at me, but through me. I felt… flutters. Need. Attraction. It was strange and heady but coming from two brawny men, not one, was confusing at best. Lurid, too.

But, I would not allow Mr. Garner to sully that wondrous encounter with his tawdry insinuations.

"Don't lie to me, girl." He sat up straight in his chair and glared at me. "I cannot have a liar as governess to my children. What sort of influence would that be on their characters?"

"I apologize that I do not recall what it is you are referencing," I replied. "It must not have had much of an impact on me. So many things happen in the park, especially when the children are exploring. They are both so bright and curious. I am sure they get that from you, Mr. Garner."

He puffed up with pride at that bit of false flattery. "Yes, they must. Did you know my forefathers were among the first explorers to settle in this city?"

"Is that so?" I asked, as though this was completely new information to me. A tinge of guilt bothered me briefly. I did not care for deceit or manipulation, but I needed to keep my job.

Thereupon, Mr. Garner set about regaling me with the often-told tale of his explorer ancestors. As far as I could tell, the officious Mr. Garner had not inherited one trait of his forebears, though he made ample use of the fortune they had amassed.

Finally, I was able to extricate myself from their presence and made my way to my bedroom, the one small slice of personal space I was permitted in the massive Garner estate.

Once I had donned my nightgown and settled beneath the blankets of my bed, I indulged my imagination and visited the scene from the park over again in my mind.

I had been frustrated when the wind carried my hat away, but little did I know it would lead me to meet Rye and Keane. Men so handsome and virile, I knew I would never forget those few fleeting moments we shared.

My hat had landed at their feet as though divinely directed. It would be nice to think miracles happened, but I knew enough of the world to realize such a belief was akin to the fairy stories I read to the children before bed.

I closed my eyes and gave myself over to reliving the entire encounter. Rye's arresting blue eyes, the deep timbre of his voice. I noticed his hands as they held my hat. So large they spanned the entire brim. Clean, but work roughened. I wondered how they would feel touching me. Stroking my hair or caressing the curve of my jaw as he leaned in to kiss me. His lips would be warm and firm, teasing and coaxing me to respond, which I would do with pleasure. I'd never been kissed by a man, but I had no trouble imagining what it would be like, with Rye's broad arms around me as his mouth moved over mine. I'd lean into him and rest my palms against his firm chest, feel his heart beating beneath my fingers.

As the kiss ended, he’d pass me over to Keane, who’d repeat the same actions, though his kiss was different, still heady and arousing, but he cupped my nape with his palm and held me to him with light pressure, his other hand gliding down to rest upon my hip.

My eyes blinked open, and I sat bolt upright in bed. How could I desire both of them? Surely, something was wrong with me. What kind of woman felt such lust for one man, a virtual stranger no less, let alone two of them?

This was foolish. I plumped my pillow and rolled onto my side. I was nothing but a simple governess who needed employment and a roof over her head. I could ill afford to engage in wanton fantasies.

I closed my eyes and took several deep breaths. Still, the images in my mind would not let me go. I huffed out a breath and made a decision. My mind belonged to me, and no one else could tell me what to think.

For one rebellious night, just this single time, I would allow myself to fully give in to my base instincts. What harm could come from that? I would get it out of my system and, when the sun came up, I would think of them no more.

In my mind, I conjured them both, their rugged faces smiling at me. Rye's eyes darkening to a deep blue as his desire for me grew. In my fantasy, he knelt next to my bed and drew back the linens, his gaze roaming my body before his mouth lowered to cover mine. I clung to him as his lips opened mine and the kiss deepened.

The fantasy continued, and Keane made his way to the foot of the bed. His lush dark hair hung loose around his shoulders, and my fingers ached to bury themselves deep in the thick tresses. His rough palm slid up the length of my thigh until it reached the apex, his finger brushing across the slit of my womanhood and delving between the wet folds there.

As I imagined their touch upon me, I mimicked what I envisioned them doing. With one hand I squeezed my breast, the way I imagined Rye doing it. My nipple hardened and ached for more. I reached beneath my nightgown and stroked the wetness between my thighs. That shameful place I'd been told never to touch, but tonight was for me, and I threw all expectations and rules out the window, my fingers eagerly exploring my

sex, the swollen lips of my nether region, and discovering a hard nubbin of nerves that sent a jolt of pleasure through me when I touched it.

My breath came hard and fast as I worked at that nub, imagining myself loved by two men, Rye and Keane, at the same time. Their hands and mouths possessing me in every way.

Tightness wound deep in my belly, and the hard nub in my wet core throbbed. With one final stroke, I exploded with pleasure, my cries echoing around my small room. Overcome with bliss, I lay there for a moment enjoying the lethargy.

I opened my eyes.

And stared directly into the shocked face of Mrs. Richard Garner.

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## 2

# LILY

ANOTHER DOOR SLAMMED in my face. This time I had not even been able to get out my request to see the mistress of the house before the housekeeper looked me up and down and closed the door without a word.

I caught a reflection of myself in a window by the entrance.

I'd have slammed the door on me, too. Disheveled and no doubt pungent, I had barely slept since Mrs. Richard Garner's untimely arrival in my bedroom two nights previous.

I'd been as shocked to see her as she had been to find me indulging in, as she called it, the sin of self-abuse. She had recovered more quickly, however, and promptly ordered me out of her house and never to darken its door again.

Shaken, I'd hurriedly tossed my few belongings into a bag and left. Her husband had joined her in leering at me from the doorway as I'd hurriedly

dressed, putting a skirt and blouse on over my nightgown since the Garners seemed determined to give me no privacy.

Stunned by my sudden change in circumstances, I had spent that night huddled in a corner of the park near the spot where I had encountered Keane and Rye. It seemed I had been drawn to that location and, though the tawdry thoughts and deeds that had led me to be in such a peculiar situation were due to them, I had no animosity for the two gentlemen. No, far from it. As I sat upon the ground and leaned against a tree, I thought again of both men.

Which did I prefer? I honestly could not have said. Rye, with his serious manner and sincere gazes? Or, Keane with his ready smile and a twinkle in his eye?

It seemed they were the perfect yin and yang, and I could not decide.

I gave myself a mental shake. I needed to stop my foolish daydreams and consider my own survival.

By the time the sun rose, I had a plan in place to find new employment. I would miss Michael and Hannah desperately, but that was water under the bridge. Their mother had made it perfectly clear I would never again be welcome in their home.

But, based upon my sterling reputation in certain social circles, I had no doubt that by sundown I would have new employment.

It turned out that gossip traveled at lightning speed and, by the time I'd arrived at the home of the Ruffing family, word had already reached the formerly cordial Mrs. Ruffing. She at least had the decency to gaze at me with a bit of sympathy while telling me she could not offer me any sort of employment.

This, despite trying to lure me away from the Garners not two weeks prior.

Such was the reach of the Garner family's power.

By the end of the second day, it was clear I'd find no respectable employment in Butte. I had a bit of money tucked away in the bottom of my carpetbag and decided it was best spent on travel to a new location as there was no future for me in Butte.

A tiny part of me had hoped I'd encounter Keane and Rye again. I'll admit to whipping my head about in an unladylike manner when I saw a silhouette from the corner of my eye that I would have sworn was Keane. Sadly, it was not.

After my night in the park and no luck finding a job, I'd booked a room at a seedy hotel where I'd barely slept at all. Fear of vermin—animal and human—had made for a most unpleasant stay.

Doing some mental calculations, I determined I could afford a room at the Hotel Imperial before taking the train the next day to Missoula. Surely I'd find employment soon and be able to replenish my savings, and so I engaged a room and eagerly anticipated a bath and a quiet final night in Butte.

The only fly in the ointment had been seeing Timothy, Mr. Garner's assistant—disgusting henchman, really—exiting the hotel dining room. Of course, he did not acknowledge me, nor I him, but even in my less-than-pristine state he'd recognized me. His foul countenance was impossible to miss, not to mention his uniquely unpleasant features, including a constantly sneering mouth, beady eyes, and a raised scar along his jawline.

No matter, I told myself as I locked the door to my room. Mr. Garner had no sway over me, and neither did his vile assistant. I'd never see either of them again, and for that I was grateful.

In short order I'd bathed and changed my clothes, feeling a hundred times better after I dressed in a clean blouse and skirt.

I gazed out a window overlooking the park. Ironically, the location on the path where I'd met Keane and Rye was directly in my view. Again, the entire scene replayed in my mind. The last thing was Keane saying, "Wait.

May we…" But he’d never finished his statement. I’d been desperate to turn around and continue the conversation, but once Mr. Garner joined the children and me, I dared not.

What had Keane been about to ask? May we see you again? May we walk with you? May we take you away from here to a place where you’ll never have to be fearful again?

Ha. I had let my imagination run much too far away with me.

And why did I keep thinking of them as a pair? Certainly they were distinct in their own ways, yet, in my mind, they came as a set.

I turned away from the window with a shake of my head. They were no more a part of my future than Michael and Hannah. And, come morning, I would be far from Butte, never to see any of them again.

It was time to focus on the future, not the past.

There was a knock on my door, and I startled. I paused and listened, and the knock came again. I made my way to the door. "Who is it?"

"Room service."

"I have not ordered any food." Panic built in me. I could not afford to pay for an extravagant meal.

"Compliments of the hotel. Please open your door."

I had no experience with such a fancy establishment. Perhaps this was customary. Besides, I was hungry.

I opened the door, but instead of a liveried waiter, Mr. Richard Garner leered at me. Shocked at his presence, I involuntarily and foolishly took a step back. He pushed into the room and closed the door behind him.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Garner?" I managed to say, though the lust in his eyes gave me a clear indication of what he had in mind.

"I could hardly believe it when Timothy informed me he’d seen you here." His gaze roved over me, causing a pit of disgust to form in my stomach. "But, he was right." He took a step toward me, and I found myself backed against a wall.

"P-please leave, Mr. Garner."

"I thought we could talk about you returning to work for us." He removed his jacket and laid it on the back of a chair.

"B-but, what about Mrs. Garner?" She had been quite clear in her opinion about me.

"I run the house, not her." He stood inches from me, leering. His foul breath wafted to my nose, adding to my disgust at his presence. "I'm sure we can come to some agreeable terms." His gaze lingered on my bosom, the implications clear.

With shaking fingers, I reached for the vase on the bedside table.

Fear coursed through me and suddenly I thought, if only Rye and Keane were here. They'd know what to do.

---

RYE

"I THINK it's time to go back to Bridgewater," Keane stated, downing the last of his Scotch and slamming the glass on the table to emphasize his point. We were seated, as we had been every evening during our brief sojourn in Butte, at the saloon next to the Hotel Imperial.

"I feel the same," I said, with no small amount of surprise to realize how fond I had become of the ranch in the Montana mountains. "We might as well return, though it's only been three days, half the time we'd intended to be here."

"We failed at our task," Keane reminded me, unnecessarily.

Yes, that one task, the most important of all, had not been accomplished. Much to the disappointment of us both.

I had tried to convince myself we would find another, but I was haunted by visions of the girl in the park. Lily. Lily Snow. Her sweet voice echoed in my head and invaded my thoughts around the clock. I had woken every morning with a stiff cock after increasingly debauched dreams of her. Her with me. Her with Keane. Her between the two of us. Her body as eager for us as we were for her. My cock ached to plunge deep into her, to claim her over and over, leave her in no doubt that she belonged to us. Her pleasure noises echoing around the room as we made her come time and again.

"You know the one I want. The one we both want," Keane said.

Hell yes, I knew who we wanted. Keane and I had been the closest of friends since childhood, able to finish each other’s sentences, communicate without speaking. Why he felt the need to bring up this subject again, I had no idea.

"For fuck’s sake, man, she’s married." I glared at him across the small table in the corner of the saloon, the disappointment in his eyes no doubt the same as what I felt.

"Not happily." He signaled to one of the saloon girls to bring us both another drink, then turned back to me, his expression grim. "You saw the way her demeanor changed when that asshole came along. The kids didn’t like him either. We’d never treat her that way. Never, ever. She’d be cherished and honored. She deserves us."

"What are you suggesting? That we kidnap a married woman, force her to get divorced and then marry us?" Our drinks arrived and promptly disappeared. "We need to stop thinking about her."

"You felt it, too, didn't you?" Keane asked me for the tenth time since we'd watched her walk away. Walk away with her husband and children, no less.

"Of course I did." I gripped the edge of the table and stood. I was tired of being in the noisy saloon. "But, it cannot be."

Keane stood as well. "No, you’re wrong. She’s meant to be ours, and it will happen. I’ll make it happen. I didn’t survive the bloody war in Mohamir and travel across the godforsaken ocean then wear my ass out on the back of a horse getting to the Montana Territory to spend the rest of my days living in a cabin with only you."

"Well, that’s hardly my dream come true either, you stupid motherfucker."

"That’s some fine talk, your lordship."

"Don’t call me that," I snapped.

We exited the saloon and crossed the street to the Hotel Imperial, Butte’s finest accommodations. We’d stayed in the best suite, dining out for every meal. Though I much preferred life on Bridgewater Ranch, I was not opposed to spending the money necessary for some time away in the city. I did not care to flaunt my family name or wealth, however, I was not shy about making good use of either when it benefited me.

As we climbed the stairs to our room, I said, "I hope I am wrong."

"About me being a stupid motherfucker?" Keane grinned, our cross words forgotten.

"You know what I mean. I haven’t been able to stop thinking about the girl in the park. The one with hair the color of a fawn and eyes to match, with flecks of gold around the irises." I shook my head. "She’s making me sound like a fucking poet."

"Lily Snow. Could a name be any more fitting for the bride we’ll train to please us? Love and cherish for the rest of our lives? See? I can be just as poetic."

We had a corner suite on the second floor. We made our way down the long corridor, each lost in his own thoughts.

"No! Stop this instant!" a female cried out from behind a room door.

We halted in our tracks and exchanged a glance. The sound of broken glass and more shouts. A woman in trouble. Nothing got our attention faster

than that. A man’s voice could be heard from behind the door, too. Menacing. I had no tolerance for a man who threatened females.

We had no time to waste.

Keane put a shoulder to the door, and it opened with a bang, startling the two occupants: Lily Snow and her husband. I’d never expected to see her again and was stunned to find her in a room at the hotel.

I didn’t hold with interfering in a couple’s private affairs, particularly since I was considering entering into a marriage considered taboo in most of the world. But a marriage license didn’t give a man the right to frighten his wife. Lily held a vase, raised high and ready to use in her defense. Her clothes were disheveled, the hem of her white blouse was untucked from the waistband of her skirt. The top buttons were open, revealing the base of her throat where a pulse hammered. Her eyes were large and frightened, though she stood her ground. Wisps of hair had fallen loose and framed her delicate face.

Her husband, his jacket removed and wearing only his shirt and pants, had his hand in midair. A knife glinted in the last of the day’s sun coming through the window. He glared at her, a combination of lust and loathing in his gaze.

I stepped forward and took her by the arm. "Come with me, Lily." I gave a gentle tug to get her attention. She turned and gazed at me, recognition dawning slowly on her face, bringing a small smile. "You!" she exclaimed and stepped my way.

"Hey, she's with me," the man sneered, waving the knife at me, like that would deter me. His forehead carried a gash, and the remains of another vase littered the floor. He snarled, and his eyes narrowed with fury. Apparently he was not accustomed to being told no, by his wife or anyone.

He lunged clumsily in my direction. I stepped in front of Lily to shield her and stopped his progress with a right jab to the nose.

"Not anymore," I said, turning back to Lily. I slipped my arm around her slender waist, and my heart lifted with elation at having her next to me. It felt right. Perfect.

"Jesus Christ, why’d you do that?" Mr. Snow shouted. Blood trickled down onto his upper lip, and he searched his pockets, pulling out a pristine linen handkerchief that instantly turned scarlet.

My gaze met Keane's. "I'll take her; you take care of him."

Keane nodded and looked to the door with a scowl. "You'd best hurry before anyone else gets here."

"Come with me, little dove." I took the vase from her and set it down. She gaped at me and nodded.

She gave a bit of resistance to my efforts.

"You'll come to no harm at my hands, Lily," I said and finally she nodded.

There were numerous things my hands ached to do with her— touch her everywhere, caress her curves, bring her to a shattering climax. But harm? Never. Over my dead body. I didn’t know what the fuck was going on, but she was ours now.

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# 3

## LILY

HIS EYES WERE MESMERIZING. Exactly as I remembered from our encounter in the park. Piercing blue against weather-darkened skin. I stared into them and nodded. Where I had been scared to my bones in the company of Mr. Garner, this stranger's presence filled me with a sense of safety. *"You'll come to no harm at my hands, Lily."* His words echoed in my mind like a balm to my soul.

Rye. I had thought about him, and Keane, often in the past few days. I blushed recalling the lusty fantasy I'd had about them, the one that led to my termination as governess for the Garner children. Seeing the two of them barge into the hotel room had been like a miracle. Perhaps I was fantasizing again.

When he gave a gentle tug on my wrist I went to him. He wrapped an arm around my waist and escorted me from the room. As I glanced back one last time, Keane had Mr. Garner by the collar of his shirt and had

applied his knee to the man's groin. "You want someone to touch your filthy dick? Well, how about this?"

I winced at Mr. Garner's groans of pain, though a part of me reveled in his punishment. Enjoyed seeing him humiliated, since that was his preferred method of treating others. Had I been a man, and had the courage and strength to do so, I would have done the same thing. Many times before now.

But such was not my lot in life.

My rescuer hurried me down the hall into an opulent corner suite and shut the door behind us.

When the door clicked closed, an ominous silence fell over the room, and realization set in. I was with a stranger in his hotel room.

But, was he really a stranger? We'd met in the park several days ago. Our encounter brief, but instinctively I had known there was something about him. Something that called to me on an elemental level. My skin heated where he touched me, and flutters erupted in my stomach.

Not to mention the many depraved thoughts and fantasies I'd had about him and Keane.

Glancing down, I noticed the state of my clothing, and a shame-filled blush scorched my face. I turned away from Rye and adjusted my garments, though with buttons missing my blouse would not close. I removed a pin from my hair and fashioned a closure. Stifling an anguished sigh, I turned back to the gentleman whose presence seemed to fill the entire room.

"I-I thank you for your assistance, sir," I said, looking him in the eye and then glancing away before I found myself lost in his gaze. "And your friend as well. It seems both of you have come to my rescue twice in only two meetings. I shall be on my way and not bother you any further." I stepped toward the door, though a part of me yearned for him to make me stay.

Foolish notion. He was clearly a man of the world with his fancy hotel suite and the hint of an upper-crust British accent. And what was I?

An unemployed governess with barely a cent to her name. But that was not his concern, and I would not make it so, either. I had my pride, for as long as it lasted.

"Oh no, you don't." He stepped into my path.

"Please, sir. I have troubled you enough already."

He reached out and grasped my arm. When I winced, his eyes softened with concern, and he opened the buttons on the cuffs of my sleeves. The breath hitched in my throat at the feel of his touch upon my flesh. Tiny sparks lit my skin wherever his fingers rested. He gently turned my arm until the bruise was visible. He swore under his breath then looked me in the eye. "I do not care if that man is your husband, he has no right to lay hands on you in this manner. No man does, but a husband doing this to his wife..." His jaw clenched shut, and he said no more.

He turned away and raked his fingers through his hair as though trying to contain a volatile reaction.

I blinked as his words sank in. "Husband? That man is not my husband. He is Mr. Richard Garner, my f-former employer."

Rye spun around on his heel and grabbed me by my upper arms. "What? What did you say?"

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RYE

THE GIRL'S words shook me to my core. "Y-your former employer? But what about the children? We saw you with children in the park."

"I am... was, the governess for the Garner children." When she spoke the words a profound sadness filled her eyes. "Michael and Hannah. Michael is eight, and Hannah is six." Her voice hitched with emotion, and she glanced away, blinking back tears.

Not married? No children? I gaped at her, my heart singing with euphoria. I fought against the huge grin of joy that wanted to burst forth. She was clearly distraught. I needed to temper my excitement. For now.

There would be plenty of time later to caress and explore her body, tell her how much she'd haunted my dreams over the past few nights.

I stroked the soft flesh of her cheek. It was like a fresh peach, and she flushed when I touched her.

"We meet again, Miss Lily Snow," I said gently, holding my palm out to her.

"Yes." She smiled for the first time this evening. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. She placed her palm in mine. I caressed her delicate fingers and noted the way her breath sped up at the contact. She tugged, and I let it go. For now.

"And you are Rye," she said, giving me a shy gaze.

"Yes, Miss Lily Snow." I retrieved her hand and kissed the top of it. It was silky smooth and smelled of lavender soap. "I am Rye. I am pleased to know you remembered."

"Rye?" The corner of her mouth turned up a bit. I was used to questions about my unusual name. Usually they pissed me off, but, from her, the inquiry was charming.

"An old family name," I replied. She could find out the rest later, that I was Lord Hiram Rye, third son of the Earl of Rye. "Now, let's get back to you. You were the governess, but you are no longer."

"Yes."

"You were fond of the children." It was a statement and not a question. I'd seen the way she'd hugged and kissed them at the park.

"Y-yes." She stared at the floor, and I touched her chin and returned her gaze to me.

"And you have somehow been relieved of your duties?"

She nodded, her expressive eyes speaking volumes.

"You have no reason to be ashamed, Lily," I reassured her, taking her to sit on the edge of the bed, while I sat next to her with my arm around her waist.

She sniffed back tears. "I am sorry. I have caused you enough problems already, I do not need to share my tale of woe, too. I thank you for your kind assistance this evening. And Keane, as well. You'll express my thanks to him, won't you?"

As if on cue, the door opened silently, and Keane slipped into the room. Our eyes met, and I knew the matter of the perverted Mr. Garner had been resolved.

Keane knelt on the floor next to Lily and took hold of her other hand. "I may have caused a bit of injury to your husband," he said, trying to sound apologetic, "however, I do not think he will harm you any further."

I gave his leg a nudge with my boot. "Not her husband. Former employer." I could not believe how happy it made me to say those words.

A beaming smile spread over Keane's face as my words sank in. "Not married?" He gaped at her, his face the happiest I'd seen it in ages. I suspected mine looked the same.

"No," she replied. "Though truly you have both been gentlemen of the first order, and I so much appreciate all you've done, I really must be going." Though her words said she planned to leave, she made minimal effort to withdraw her hands from ours.

"Oh, no," Keane said, echoing my own thoughts. "We've found you, and we don't intend to let you go."

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## LILY

MY STOMACH FLUTTERED as the two men touched me. Rye and Keane. I could tell they were very different from each other. Where Rye had a formal bearing, his clothes impeccable, Keane seemed a bit more rebellious and while his clothes were of the highest quality, they were somewhat disheveled. Of course, he had recently given Mr. Garner a working over, so that might not be so surprising.

"I should have known better than to open the d-door. He said it was a meal, compliments of the hotel. And before I knew it, he was in the room, making… making lewd suggestions." I lowered my head to hide the tears of shame in my eyes.

Keane swore.

"It's all right, Lily," Rye said. "We will take care of you. And no harm will come to you. I give my word." As he spoke, his fingers massaged my neck. It was heavenly, and I let out a sigh.

"Bu-but, why?" I asked, my mind muddled from their attention and caresses.

Noises from the hallway entered the room. There was knocking on a door, not this one, but close. "Open up. Sheriff!"

Terror shot through me and I gasped. The two men exchanged a glance that seemed to have conveyed an entire conversation. "Please," I whispered. "You must not answer the door. Mr. Garner is very influential here in Butte. No doubt he’s told the sheriff horrible things about me. About all of us." I looked between the two men. "I am sorry to have brought you into my problems."

Rye put a finger to my lips and then led me to the other bedroom of their spacious suite. "We’ve promised to protect you, and we always keep our promises," he said before he closed the door to the second bedroom.

There was a pounding on the outer door, and the sheriff’s deputies announced themselves as they had down the hallway. Keane called out a response, and I began to quiver.

Rye rubbed his palms up and down my arms. "We must hurry now, sweet Lily."

I gaped up at him. His eyes held mine and I nodded, overcome with fear of what might happen if the sheriff found me. Mr. Garner was a powerful man and could have told any number of lies to implicate me. Implicate Rye and Keane as well.

"We will put on a small charade for the police, my sweet Lily." Rye’s words were smooth and soothing. "We are going to pretend to be married."

My eyes went wide.

"Do you trust me?" he asked, and in my soul I knew with certainty that I did.

"Yes," I whispered.

He touched the closure I had fastened for my blouse to replace the missing buttons. I tingled at the contact. "Wh-what are you doing?"

"Forgive me," he replied, "but it is necessary." He opened the buttons and pushed my blouse off my shoulders. I bit back a whimper as voices in the next room wafted into ours. Then he reached down and untied my boots, tossing them aside.

Rye hurried me to the bed and pulled back the covers. "In you go." He tucked the soft sheets and billowy quilt over me and then, to my further shock, he stripped out of boots and shirt and joined me wearing only his trousers.

How he felt this was the appropriate response to having the law in the next room I had no idea, but I was unable or unwilling to protest as he put his arms around me. "I am going to kiss you," he said, "but this is not part of the charade, Miss Lily Snow. These kisses are for real." His lips captured

mine, and his hands roved my body. Our legs intertwined, and the unmistakable hardness of his manhood touched my belly.

I moaned against his lips and sighed.

Then the door slammed open, and three deputies stormed in. I shrieked, and the quivering returned.

The lawmen surrounded the bed, and I grabbed at the covers and held them to my chin.

Rye seemed completely unconcerned. "May I help you, gentlemen?" he asked, climbing from the bed and rising to his full height. I stared at him, unable to turn away from the length of his erect manhood creating an unmistakable tent in his pants.

The lawmen were a bit distracted as well. "We ... um... we are searching for a woman who assaulted and robbed one of our most venerable citizens, Mr. Richard Garner."

Robbed? I gasped, but Rye cut me a quick look, and I kept my mouth closed. Keane stood behind the intruders and gave me a reassuring smile and nod along with a finger to his lips to remind me to allow them to do the speaking.

"Well, I wish you good luck with that, but as you can see, there are no thieves here."

"Would you mind identifying yourself, sir, and the ... um... lady with you," one of the deputies asked, the implication of his words not lost on me. Anger flashed over Keane's face.

Rye moved to stand before the lawmen, an almost imperceptible change coming over him as he addressed them, his accent becoming more pronounced and his tone imperious.

"I am Lord Hiram Rye. You may call me 'your lordship.'" He paused dramatically to allow that to sink in. I had nearly bitten through my lip to keep from crying out. What madness had this evening brought? From the corner of my eye, I saw Keane give another encouraging nod.

"And this"—he turned and gestured to me, his manhood still fully erect and not unnoticed by the deputies—"is Lady Rye."

I forced a calm expression to my face.

"As you can see," he continued, "we have been occupied for quite some time, and there are no thieves here. Now, if you will excuse us—"

"Then who is he?" The boldest of the deputies pointed a thumb at Keane.

"Why, he is my gentleman's gentleman. Keane, please see these deputies out."

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## KEANE

USUALLY, it really pissed me off when Rye turned all English lord on me, and calling me his gentleman's gentleman was a new low. In other circumstances, I'd have given him an earful, at minimum. But I knew this was all part of the charade to protect Lily. Beautiful, sweet, and *unmarried*, Lily.

And for her, I would endure anything. No hardship was too great. No task too daunting.

It was all I could do not to kick up my heels as I walked the deputies out of the suite, but I managed to keep my wits about me.

"Good luck finding the thief," I said as they exited, my fingers itching to slam the door behind them and throw the bolt.

The last deputy lingered a bit and, when the others were a few paces down the hall, he turned back to me. "A word to the wise," he said. "Mr. Garner has many connections in this city. It would be smart if his lordship"—he nodded toward Rye's room—"and his 'wife' got out of town

swiftly, if you know what I mean." He turned and walked away before I could respond.

Well, if he said we ought to take Lily and go back to Bridgewater, who was I to argue?

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# 4

## KEANE

WHEN I ENTERED Rye's room, I found Lily huddled under the covers, her face pale and her brown eyes seemingly even larger and wider than I'd ever seen them before. Clearly, she was not accustomed to close encounters with the law.

Rye, unperturbed as usual, had rejoined her in the bed, holding her close against his body.

Had it been any other man, I'd have punched him in a fit of jealousy and offense at his touching my woman. But, not Rye. No, never Rye. Lily was *our* woman. We would see to her care and happiness all the days of our lives. Rye had her tucked up under his arm, her head resting against his chest, though she still clutched the bedclothes in her fingers. So tightly, her knuckles were white.

I yanked off my boots and slid into the bed on the other side of Lily. I took hold of her fingers and gently pried them from the blankets. When she resisted, I coaxed, "Lily, my sweet, you were so brave. You did a fine job.

Now there's nothing for you to fear. Rye and I are here. You'll never have to be fearful again."

"No, never again," Rye said, placing a tender kiss to her temple.

Lily directed those big brown eyes at me and blinked as though she'd just noticed my arrival. That she was sandwiched between two men in a bed didn't seem to have registered or affected her, yet. I gave another tug on the blanket, and she let go. I allowed it to rest at her waist. Her blouse was open and pushed off her shoulders. I stared at her alabaster flesh and envisioned her entire body naked. My cock stirred in my pants.

Man was not meant to be in bed fully clothed, but considering the amount of trauma our Lily had experienced in the last hour, it seemed best to move slowly, no matter how uncomfortable.

We had decades before us to engage in all the tawdry games I had in mind that involved my cock buried deep in her mouth, her pussy and, eventually, her ass. My cock swelled again, and I shifted.

"Is-is it true? What you told the deputies?" She turned her head to gape at Rye. "A-are you really a l-lord?" She spoke the words almost reverently.

"Yes," Rye assured her. "It is true. I am the third son of the Earl of Rye. Third sons are rarely of much value to their family, and so I took the opportunity to travel here to America, to start anew. With my dear, lifelong friend, Keane." He nodded in my direction, and she turned to me.

"A-are you a l-lord, too?"

"Oh hell no," I said. "I'm a soldier. Used to be. Now I'm a rancher. Bridgewater Ranch to be exact."

"Bridgewater?" She sat up straighter. "I-I think I have he-heard about that ranch."

"We have some of the finest horses in the territory. Perhaps that is what you have heard about."

"No," she said, moving her head slowly from side to side, her brow furrowed as though she was working to remember something. "My

employer—former employer—I-I overheard a conversation he had with several men. Actually many conversations. They called it a ranch full of debauchery, and that it ought to be burned down. A blight on society and the good people of Montana."

"That sounds about right," I said. Rye shot me a scowl. "I'm sorry, darling. I ought not to tease. Yes, we at Bridgewater do live an unconventional lifestyle."

"It's based on a tradition from Mohamir. Where two or more men share a bride. The better to protect and provide for her. In every way." Rye ran a finger along the opening of her blouse, pushing it aside.

Lily's pert mouth fell slack, and her breathing increased. Rye continued to work the blouse farther down.

"In fact, that's why we came to Butte this week. To find a bride."

"Oh!" she gasped and glanced around the room. "D-did you f-find one?"

"As a matter of fact," I said, brushing the hair back from her face, reveling in the silky feel of it, "we did."

Her face fell, and she reached for the covers again.

"Found her before we'd even gotten to the hotel," Rye added. "Right there in the park. Her hat came flying toward us, like divine intervention." He leaned forward and placed a kiss on her throat. She gaped at us.

"But then we found out she was married. Or so we thought." I opened the final buttons on her blouse and pushed it open while I placed a soft kiss on her forehead.

"We were so disappointed, we'd decided to go back home and stop looking," Rye said, then covered her mouth with his, pulled her close.

I finished removing her blouse, her flimsy corset the only covering on her torso. God, she was even more exquisite than I’d imagined. And I’d imagined a lot. Every night and most waking moments, too. Touching her, kissing her, listening to her moans of pleasure. And now, those dreams were about to come true.

When the kiss ended, Rye passed her over to me. She gazed up at me, mouth swollen from Rye’s kiss. I took my turn, tasting her for the first time. Her lips were soft and pliable, and her body responded to me. Her mouth moved beneath mine, and her fingers rested on my chest, gentle as a sparrow, and then slid up around my neck. God in heaven, it was the most glorious sensation I’d ever experienced. Her delicate body melted against mine. I slipped my hands around her tiny waist, holding her close, her tight nipples brushing my shirt. I ached to free her breasts and suck on the sweet nubs.

"And then she cried out. Needed our help," I whispered against her lips. I had to kiss her again. I couldn’t get enough.

Meanwhile, Rye removed the pins from her hair so it fell about her shoulders like a silky, fawn-colored wave.

"And now we have her right where she belongs," he whispered, pushing her hair aside and kissing her nape. "In our bed. Between us."

"Forever."

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LILY

THOUGH THEY WERE SPEAKING SLOWLY, sensuously slowly, I still had trouble grasping what they were saying.

They were Bridgewater men. From the ranch Mr. Garner had railed against so many times. And, if I heard them correctly, and I wasn’t certain I had, they had come to Butte to find a bride and—that bride was me. Me?

They surrounded me. Their touches were intoxicating, and their kisses —oh mercy, their kisses were otherworldly. My head spun, and sensations

coursed through me, making it difficult to think of anything but more, more kisses, more touches, more of them.

Both of them.

"We would like you to do us the honor of marrying us. Be our bride and live with us at Bridgewater," Keane said, his gaze dark and sincere, penetrating to my very soul.

"You would want for nothing. We would cherish and love you, protect you with our lives, until our dying breaths." Rye pinned me with his blue eyes that seemed to change shade depending on his mood. If I were to guess, his current mood was —passionate.

I gulped.

"I-I ... what... um..." My mind had never been so befuddled. I glanced from one to the other and back again. Was this a joke? For what purpose?

"We aren't doing this properly," Rye said, releasing me and climbing from the bed, getting down on one knee on his side of the mattress

Keane repeated the process on the other. I felt their absence, and a shiver ran through me.

They each took hold of one of my hands. Rye kissed the top of my right, just as he had done in the park. It had only been a few days ago, but a lifetime of things had happened since then. My breath hitched in my throat.

Keane held my left between both his warm palms.

"Lily Snow," Rye spoke in a husky whisper.

"Will you marry us?" Keane finished, his voice full of emotion.

"B-both of you? 'Tis illegal." I knew that much. Of all of Mr. Garner's rantings about the sins of Bridgewater, that much had, in fact, been correct.

"Technically, legally, you would only be married to one of us," Rye answered, his gaze holding mine in a most distracting way.

"But spiritually, emotionally, you would be married to both of us, equally." Keane placed a kiss on the center of my palm, so gently and reverently, while his dark gaze locked with mine.

Oh lord. This was insanity.

Or was it?

Of course, the idea of it was scandalous. Shameful. Debased.

So why was my body alight, as though flames filled my veins? And why did their touches cause me to yearn for more. So much more. Things I could not adequately describe or define, but that my body sought. Eagerly. Passionately.

But, to say yes to such a thing?

What would... I stopped and caught myself. I was about to ask myself what would my father say? But I had no family. I had nothing. What few belongings I had were still in the room where Mr. Garner had assaulted me.

Thanks to Mr. Garner, I didn't even have my good reputation anymore.

What I did have was free will. My life was mine to do with as I pleased.

Taking a deep breath, I looked from Keane on my left to Rye on my right. "Yes," I said, tentatively at first but as I spoke the word, my heart opened and swelled with jubilation. "Yes!" I cried louder. "A hundred times yes."

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KEANE

FOR A STUNNED MOMENT I gaped at her. Of course, I had told Rye I was sure we'd find a bride and even find a way to make Miss Lily Snow ours, but now that it had happened, now that she'd agreed, I found it hard to believe.

Merely two hours ago, Rye and I had lamented our failure to find a bride, or at least a marriageable bride and now, here she was, tucked up sweet as you please in our hotel room.

I could not resist and glanced over at Rye to say, "Told you so." Then I put Lily's hand to my mouth and kissed each finger, the center of her palm before I joined her in the bed again.

Rye had done the same, with an uncharacteristic grin on his face. He hadn't even minded my claim to have predicted our good fortune.

Love changed people. Even Rye.

The three of us lay there, beneath the covers, semi-undressed, and sort of stared at each other as we let the events of the last few minutes sink in.

"I-I can’t believe this," Lily finally said. "It is like a dream come true." Her eyes shone bright, and she gazed first at me and then at Rye. "I have a feeling my neck will get sore from turning from one to the other of you." She laughed shyly at her little joke.

My cock nearly exploded.

"You have made us both incredibly happy, Lily," Rye said. "We cannot wait to take you back to Bridgewater with us."

"Oh," I said, sitting up a bit straighter, "I nearly forgot." I glanced at Lily and smiled. "I was distracted." My gaze lingered on the opening of her corset, and she flushed prettily. "One of the deputies mentioned we ought not to stick around town too long. Apparently, Lily’s former employer is a man of some influence around here."

Lily gasped, and her eyes went wide. "Oh, yes. He is." She sat bolt upright in bed and tried to climb over me to get out. "We need to pack our things and leave right away."

"Woah, there, sweet Lily," I said, blocking her path and positioning her so she straddled my waist, her skirts—which I ached to remove to reveal the sweet cunny below—billowing out around her.

"B-but, you don’t understand." I could feel her quiver against my waist. "He’s extremely powerful. And vindictive. Oh dear, we must go. I have brought all this trouble upon you. I’m so sorry."

Rye and I exchanged a glance, and then he spoke. "We are honorable gentlemen and we hide from no man. We have already planned to leave in the morning, and that's what we shall do. I'll go and find a pastor or justice of the peace so we can do things up legally tonight before taking you back to our home at Bridgewater."

"But—"

I put a finger to her lips. "Do you trust us, Lily? For if you do not, then a marriage shall be quite a challenge indeed. You have not known us for long, but in that time we have conducted ourselves as men of character, have we not?"

"Ye-yes," she replied, her pink tongue darting out to wet her lips. Was she trying to kill me? How could I focus when my mind filled with images of that pink tongue lapping at my thick cock?

"And you have agreed to be our bride, and that means you will follow our instructions at all times, particularly when it comes to your safety and well-being. Do you understand?" Rye spoke in a calm but firm tone. This was a pivotal point in our relationship. If she did not trust us or wish to follow our leadership… well, we'd have to have a serious conversation about that.

"I-I… yes, I do. It is just … well, I have never… " She paused and looked away for a moment as if thinking before turning back to us. "It is difficult for me to rely on others. In my experience, they have always let me down."

I cupped her face in my palms. "I am sorry for all those wretched souls who let you down. And I will be even more sorry for them if I should ever encounter one for I will happily give them the same treatment I gave Mr. Garner, or worse." A corner of her mouth turned up a bit. "But Rye and I will never let you down. You will always come first for us, no matter what."

Rye reached over and took both her hands in his. "It's the Bridgewater way. Two men to take care of a woman's every need. I vow to you Keane or

I would gladly give our life to protect yours."

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# 5

## LILY

IT WAS A MAD SCRAMBLE, but if we planned to marry that night, we had to move fast. While Keane went down to my former room and collected my few belongings, Rye dressed and went in search of an official to marry us.

I was alone for only a few minutes, but enough for my anxieties to rear their ugly heads. This was madness. I knew nothing of them, their backgrounds, their families. And they knew nothing of mine.

As my mother used to say, "Who are their people?"

I righted my clothing and checked myself in the mirror. I was their people, and Rye and Keane were mine. It was as simple as that and, in my heart, I knew it was true.

Keane returned with my things, such as they were. I took the bag and sorted through for a dress appropriate to wear for my wedding. As I laid the contents of my carpetbag on the bed, I did a quick inventory. Puzzled. I looked things over again. Of course, I had left the Garner home in a rush. so

perhaps I had not gathered everything that belonged to me, but the drawers I had been wearing before my bath were missing. They were my only set tied with a blue ribbon.

I shook out each article of clothing and opened the bag as wide as it would go in order to see into the corners.

"Is everything all right, Lily?" Keane asked.

"I-I seem to be missing an item, but that makes no sense. I am probably confused. It has been an eventful evening."

"I searched around the room carefully and brought everything I found," he replied, leaning toward me with concern. "What is missing? Shall I go and check again? I'd hate for you not to have your things with you. Who knows how long it might be before we return to Butte."

"Oh, no, please don't trouble yourself. It—it's nothing." I went back to my clothing, selected a dress to wear for the wedding then folded the rest of my garments and returned them to the bag.

Keane came to stand by me, grasping my arm and stopping my progress. "Lily," he said, eyes intense, "what is missing?"

I blushed and wished I'd never mentioned anything about it. No doubt it was my own error. "I am sure I am mistaken," I replied and moved to resume my task.

Keane continued to hold my arm. "Do you remember what we told you a few minutes ago about honesty? I must also tell you, Miss Lily Snow, Rye and I are not ones to spare the rod and spoil the spouse. Now, you have until I count to three to tell me what is missing so I can go and find it, or I will turn you over my knee right here and spank that pretty bottom of yours."

I gasped. "No! You wouldn't."

He raised a brow at me. "Do I look like a man who would bluff about spanking your pert backside?"

A heated flush moved through me.

"One," he said, his gaze and voice indicating he was not bluffing.

"I-I can't."

"Two." He put his foot on the bedrail and patted his thigh, indicating his intent to put me over his knee. "No secrets between us, remember?"

Oh lord. He was right, but this was too awful. Too humiliating.

"Three."

I found myself over his firm thigh, my skirts up and my drawers pulled open.

"No! Please, stop!"

"Too late, little Lily. You had your chance. Now you are going to get a spanking, and you still have to tell me what is missing."

His palm slapped down on my backside with a smack. Never in my entire nineteen years had I been spanked. I was a good girl.

He swatted again, this time on the other side of my bottom. No one had ever touched me there, at least not since I was a child. After the second swat, his palm lingered, stroked.

My breath halted in my chest. The swatting resumed, alternating left and right on my rear end.

"It's going to be rather embarrassing when Rye returns for him to walk in with the justice of the peace to find you like this, don't you think?"

"Oh, please. I'm sorry. Please stop."

He paused for a moment and righted me. His strong fingers gripped my waist. "What is missing, Lily? Tell me now."

I hesitated, and he started to tip me back over his rugged thigh. "My drawers. A set of my drawers, the ones I was wearing earlier today, are missing. They have a blue ribbon."

Keane smiled and gave me a gentle kiss. "Good girl. Now, I will go and make another check of the room, and that will give you a chance to get changed. We're getting married tonight!"

After he left, I put on my prettiest dress, checked myself again in the mirror, and tried to tidy my hair. Rye and Keane had removed the pins and

mussed it a bit.

I also took a moment to examine my backside where Keane had spanked me.

Spanked me!

*I must also tell you, Miss Lily Snow, that Rye and I are not ones to spare the rod and spoil the spouse.*

It was scandalous! And as I gazed upon my pink-tinged bottom, a tumult of naughty sensations coursed through me. I remembered the touch of his palm on my flesh and the way it had made my tummy tighten up. Pulses formed in my womanly parts.

"I see you are admiring my handiwork."

I startled at Keane's voice and dropped my skirts, spinning away from the mirror. I noticed his hands were empty. I had a sick feeling Mr. Richard Garner had taken my drawers for his own depraved reasons. But, at the moment, that was the least of my concerns.

"Oh no, you don't. Let's take a peek at that sweet bottom of yours." Keane spun me back around and lifted my skirts, pushing aside my drawers so my entire backside was framed in the looking glass.

"Keane!" I whined. "Please."

He took hold of my chin and tipped my face up to look at him. "You belong to me. To Rye. We belong to you. And let me assure you, Miss Lily Snow, that once you are legally ours, we shall do much more than simply gaze at your lovely backside in the mirror. So, I would suggest you get used to it. Besides"—he winked at me—"I think you enjoy it."

I opened my mouth to protest, but the heated longing I felt could not be denied.

"Let me find the answer myself." Keane gave me a devilish smile and reached between my legs, his fingers stroking over the folds of my sex.

I whimpered.

His fingers slipped through the opening of my core; all the while his eyes were locked on mine. I ought to have looked away, but I couldn't. A heated blush tore through me. Then he touched on that nub of nerves. The one I'd been abusing when Mrs. Richard Garner caught me. I cried out and grasped his arm for support. Keane's fingertips moved expertly, and soon I rose up on tiptoe, yearning for more. Needy whimpers escaped my lips. I felt an explosion building in me, but before I got there, Keane withdrew his hand, held up his fingers glistening with my essence. "Well, I guess I got my answer." As he continued peering into my eyes, he held his fingers to his lips and licked them clean.

I nearly fainted, and the quivers between my thighs began anew.

"We have so much to look forward to, sweet Lily," he said, replacing my skirts and then kissing me. The taste of my own arousal on his lips.

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## RYE

THE SUMMER SUN was setting as I returned to the Hotel Imperial, Justice of the Peace Walter Kinney in tow. He had been enjoying an after-dinner cigar when I knocked upon his door, and he'd been reluctant to leave the comfort of his front porch in order to perform a spur-of-the-moment marriage. However, Mr. Kinney spoke the universal language of cash and, with a few bills across his palm, he had donned his coat and returned with me to our suite.

Despite my words, spoken in earnest, about not hiding from any man, I did keep my wits about me as I traveled in and out of the hotel as well as about the town collecting Mr. Kinney. I would not hide, but I would not be so foolish as not to watch my back. If Lily's former employer was the sort

of lowlife rat that I suspected, I did not wish to give him an opportunity to upset our sweet Lily.

"Do you happen to know a gentleman by the name of Mr. Richard Garner?" I asked Mr. Kinney as we walked down the hall past the room where the aforementioned Mr. Garner had attempted to take liberties with our bride.

Mr. Kinney halted in his tracks, his face going pale, though he quickly donned a benign expression. "I am. Is he an acquaintance of yours?"

In my mind I pictured Keane giving him a knee in the nuts. "My friend is more familiar with him. What sort of gentleman is he?"

Mr. Kinney paused. I could see the conflict on his face. Finally, he said, "He is not someone I would seek out."

"I see." I nodded.

"Nor would I wish to be on his bad side."

"Fair enough. Thank you, Mr. Kinney."

I knocked and then entered the suite.

Keane and Lily were standing close to each other next to the bed. The air was heavy with the scent of feminine arousal. If Mr. Kinney noticed anything amiss, he kept it to himself.

"Well," the justice of the peace cleared his throat, "if you are ready, we can get started."

We had agreed that I, being the son of an earl, ought to be the one to legally marry Lily. Much as my family disdained my chosen path in life, the family name and estate still carried weight and influence, as well as wealth, which would provide an additional layer of protection for Lily and any children we had.

"Oh," Mr. Kinney said. "We need another witness. Not a legal marriage without two witnesses." He glanced at Keane. "I assume you'll be staying to observe the wedding?"

"Yes," Keane replied, then looked at me.

"I will be right back with a witness." I headed for the door and out into the hallway. I saw a gentleman standing near Lily's former room and called out to him. He turned and glared at me for an instant and then ducked into a room without responding. Strange, I thought, but no time to wonder about that. I hurried down the stairs and to the front desk where I prevailed upon one of the clerks to fulfill the role of witness.

Once we were assembled, it was only a matter of a few minutes before Mr. Kinney pronounced Lily and I married. I glanced over at Keane. A pang of guilt stabbed at me that he could not also be part of the marriage ceremony. That society forced those of us with beliefs such as were followed at Bridgewater to pretend. Hide, which I hated.

But, if it was necessary to protect Lily and her reputation, then so be it.

Finally, the license was signed, the witness tipped, and Mr. Kinney was on his way.

I closed and locked the door behind them then turned back to my bride.

I took her hand and put it in Keane's. "Although you and I are legally married, Keane is no less of a husband to you. And you are no less of a wife to him."

'"Til death do us part," Keane said, then kissed Lily.

"So," I said when Keane finally ended the kiss, "what happened while I was gone? When I got back here with the justice of the peace, this room reeked of female musk."

Lily blushed scarlet, and Keane grinned.

"An item of Lily's clothing was missing, but she wouldn't tell me what it was, so I had to spank her until she did."

"Is that so?" I asked.

"Yes," Lily answered.

"Well," I said, eyeing Lily, "you were disobedient and Keane spanked you. Is that correct?"

"I'm not sure I'd call it disobedient. I-I was too embarrassed to tell him what was missing."

"Which was?" I pressed.

She took a deep breath. "A pair of my drawers have gone missing. Keane went to check the room but found nothing."

"And when I returned, I caught our sweet little bride examining her bottom in the mirror."

*Fuck.* My already hard cock pushed against my trousers insistently, desperate to be freed and to plunge balls deep into my bride’s hot cunny. In and out. Hard. Fast. Long.

"I'd like to see that for myself." I stepped closer to my bride, gave her a tender kiss, and worked the buttons of her dress as the kiss deepened. She mewled against my lips but gave no protest as I tugged the sleeves of her dress down, exposing her corseted torso once again.

Holy fuck! The feel of her against me, her nipples peaked and pressing the thin fabric covering, set my blood on fire. Her dress fell to the floor, and I assisted her in stepping out of it. She wore only her shoes, drawers, and corset. The creamy swells of her breasts threatened to burst from her corset; the tops of her pink nipples peeked out. I bent my head and licked along the edge. She gasped.

I raised my head and smiled at her. "I got distracted. So, pretty, sweet Lily. How will we ever get enough of you?" I knelt and helped her out of her shoes then turned her and untied the ribbon of her drawers, sending them cascading to the floor as well.

I sucked in a breath. Bloody hell. Perfection.

I reached out and stroked a finger over the flesh of her ass. It was still pink from the spanking Keane had given her. No doubt he had gone easy on her, but the sight of her punished backside nearly made me come in my pants.

"She told me she didn't like being spanked," Keane offered before he kissed Lily. His fingers slid down her stomach to the slit of her pussy then delved into the folds there. "But she was wet," he said when the kiss ended. "Just like she is now." He held up his fingers. "That's what you smelled when you came in. She's soaking wet, Rye."

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# 6

## KEANE

THE ROOM REEKED of Lily’s feminine musk and lust. Sexual tension. Each of us stunned by the rapid change of events of the evening yet eager to move forward.

To the damn bed. For some serious fucking. Claiming. Cock sucking, finger fucking, and pussy eating.

"Not that I don’t believe you, but let me see for myself." Rye stepped forward to stand in front of Lily. Her eyes were bright, and her breath came in shallow pants. I stepped aside, and Rye knelt on the floor in front of her, kissing his way along her inner thighs until he reached the apex of her sex. Watching him do it was nearly as good as doing it myself, and I was eager for my turn.

I stood behind Lily, supporting her with my arms and chest. My hands slipped around her waist and opened the top two hooks of her corset. Lily had barely uttered a coherent syllable, but her breathing hastened, and her

nipples, when I finally got my fingers around them, were taut. I pinched them, and she moaned, throwing her head back against my shoulder.

"That’s our girl," I whispered into the delicate shell of her ear.

Glancing down, I could see Rye’s head buried between her thighs. *Jesus.* I brushed my cock against Lily’s ass. My cock was barely contained in my pants, and I ached to free myself and slide my cock between the cheeks of her ass, letting it rest there in the soft cocoon of her buttocks.

I dared not let myself even think about fucking her in the ass.

Too late. I couldn’t stop thinking of it. Spreading her wide and sliding my cock in, an inch at a time until I’d impaled her on my thick member. Sliding in and out of her tight virgin hole until I shot every drop of my cum into her.

Lily’s breathing came in ragged pants. Rye had his face deep into her pussy.

"Keane, you’ve got to taste this," he said, beaming up at me before going back for more.

"I’m planning to," I replied. Then I bent to her ear again. "Oh, sweet Lily, the things we have planned for you."

She bucked her cunny into Rye’s face, and he gripped her hips to hold her in place.

I could hardly stand it, and only my concern that Lily’s knees might buckle kept me from stripping off my clothes immediately. But Lily’s safety, her pleasure, her happiness, it all came first. Before me. Before Rye.

Hot lust coursed through me, and I ground my cock against her ass. I squeezed her breasts, opened the rest of the closures on her corset and tossed it aside. God in heaven, she was beautiful. Her head leaned back against my shoulder, my fingers fondling her breasts and Rye between her legs. It was the sort of thing I’d only dreamed of.

I took her mouth with mine, my fingers roving over her torso, reveling in the softness of her contrasted with the hot hard kiss we shared. She

moaned into my mouth, and I felt her stiffen as a climax built within her.

Rye sucked loudly on her clit.

"Oh, ohhh," Lily cried out when our kiss ended.

"Shh, darlin’," I whispered. "Don’t fight it. Let it take you away. Let us pleasure you. Show you how it will be with us."

Her eyes were wild, and her swollen lips fell open in surprise. I grasped her around the waist. "I’ve got you, Lily. I’ve always got you."

Her legs quivered and then her entire body shook as her orgasm took her away. Her pleasure moans echoed around the room, and it was the most bewitching noise I’d ever heard.

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LILY

OVERWHELMED. Consumed. Shattered.

All those things and more.

The climax far eclipsed anything I’d ever managed to accomplish on my own, including the night that had led to my dismissal as the Garners’ governess.

What would Mrs. Richard Garner think if she could see me now?

God in heaven, where had that thought come from? I pushed aside any thought of the Garners or my family or Butte. Not that my brain was currently able to hold more than one lucid thought. And even that one thought required an extraordinary amount of focus.

My knees had turned to jelly, but, supported by Keane and Rye, I’d remained upright during the shattering climax that racked me.

I blinked several times until Rye came into focus. His mouth was wet, and I blushed, knowing the cause of it. And then I felt an additional gush of

my sexual juices trickle down my thigh. When I was near Rye and Keane, it seemed never to stop.

"That was fantastic, Lily darling," Rye said, pulling me from Keane's grasp and pressing me to his chest. He placed tender kisses along my temples and whispered endearments as I came back to myself.

"Are you all right?" Keane asked. When I turned to look at him, I gasped. He'd stripped off his clothes. I had never seen a man in the altogether before. I knew it was rude to stare, but I couldn't stop myself.

"Feast your eyes, Lily," he said, unashamed. "This is all for you." He held his arms wide, and I indulged myself by gazing upon each handsome inch of him. His long hair was a bit wild around his shoulders now, like a lion's mane. If a lion was dark and intense and could grin in a devilish manner.

His shoulders were so broad, I could barely see beyond them. He flexed his biceps and gave me a wink. I laughed.

Who knew laughter could be so sensual?

Though I tried to move slowly in my perusal of Keane's naked body, my focus was drawn downward to the thick rod of his manhood standing tall amidst the coarse hair surrounding it. I swallowed hard and licked my lips. Oh my.

As if reading my thoughts, Keane took hold of his shaft and stroked up and down. "All of this is for you, sweet Lily."

"H-how?" I stared. "How will it fit?"

"Oh, don't you worry, little wife," Rye said, lifting me in his arms. "I have thoroughly checked your sweet pussy, and I am sure Keane will fit in there perfectly. As will I, when it is my turn to plunder you."

I'd just had a powerful climax, the most powerful in my life, and yet I craved more, Hungered for them and the feel of their cocks—was that what they called them?—inside me. I wanted them both with a desperation I had never experienced before.

Rye deposited me onto the bed and then stood next to it to rid himself of his clothing. His body was no less impressive than Keane’s. Broad and muscled. Powerful. Both of them exuded strength and masculinity. The area between my legs pulsed with need, and more of the juices I could not control slipped out.

I reached for them. Rye leaned down and took one breast between his lips. "Oh. Oh good lord," I cried out as his tongue lapped at my hardened nipple. Not to be excluded, Keane moved around the bed and took the other breast into his mouth.

Making incoherent noises, I grasped each of their heads and held them in place. Such decadence. Hedonistic pleasure unlike anything I’d ever imagined. My body thrummed and twitched, aching for something more. Something I couldn’t define or articulate and that felt beyond my reach.

Rye nipped at my breast. "Oh, yes," I cried out.

Keane’s hand—or was it Rye’s—strayed to the curls of my womanhood, tugged gently, and I whimpered. "Please." I didn’t know what I was begging for, but I needed it. Needed them. Keane released my breast and buried his face between my thighs the same as Rye had done moments before. Even this early in our acquaintanceship—marriage, actually—I could tell them apart in subtle ways. Where Rye had taken his time laving and sucking all around, Keane’s mouth was urgent. Insistent. I wrapped my fingers in the length of his hair and gave a small pull. I glanced down at him, and our gazes met. Heat flashed between us, and he growled against my nether lips.

Rye positioned himself behind me, my head resting on his chest, he cupped my breasts, toying with them. His lips caressed my neck, and I was lost in a haze of sensuality. Whimpers fell from my lips. I didn’t know where I left off and they began. We were all one mass of desire and heat.

Rye shifted me upward while Keane spread my legs wider. By now, I had both hands deep in the thickness of Keane’s hair, desperate to keep him

in place. His tongue and lips on my womanly parts had me seeing dark spots, and I began to quiver.

"That’s it," Rye whispered in my ear. "Let it go, Lily. Let us see your pleasure."

I didn’t think I could reach another climax so soon after the first, but I was mistaken. It seemed the first had only been a precursor to this second, much more intense explosion that ripped through me, sending me spiraling to the sky where I floated for a few indescribable moments and then drifted back down.

All the while, Rye held me against his broad chest, the firm length of his manhood pressed against the crevice of my bottom cheeks.

Despite the two earth-shattering orgasms, I wanted more. The feel of Rye’s thick rod behind me and the sight of Keane’s in front of me, for Keane had left his place between my thighs and now stood next to the bed, had me in a frenzy. "I am going to claim you now, Lily. I’m going to shatter your maidenhead and make you mine."

I nodded. "Yes," I whispered.

"And then it shall be my turn to claim you, plunge my cock deep into your pussy." Rye’s deep voice echoed in my ears.

"Oh, yes," I said, my voice husky.

Keane climbed onto the bed, placed his knees on either side of my thighs. His eyes were dark, intense, full of passion. His hair had come loose from its binding and flowed around his shoulders. He was gorgeous. Masculine and virile while gentle in the way his gaze softened when he spoke to me. "There might be some pain, sweet Lily," he said. "It cannot be helped. But, I promise you, there will be nothing but pleasure for you afterward."

My virtue, that thing that had been hanging around my neck like an albatross, was about to be claimed, shattered, given over to these men. My husbands.

I squirmed, inching my hips closer to him. His massive cock beckoned, and I reached out to touch it. When my fingertips grazed the head, Keane inhaled sharply. "Jesus, Lily, how much willpower do you think I have?"

Immediately, I withdrew my touch. "I’m sorry," I said. I had no experience with cocks. How was I to know how to treat one?

"Do not shy away, sweet Lily," Keane said, taking my hand and placing it on his cock again. "Your touch is the thing I’ve been dreaming of."

"But you said—"

"Yes, I am near to spilling my seed as it is." He wrapped my fingers around his girth. "See what you do to me, Lily? This is all for you." His member pulsed against my palm, and his eyes flared with need.

Behind me, Rye shifted and pressed his equally hard cock against my backside. "You do the same to me, Lily. Soon, it will be my turn to fill your hot pussy with my cock."

I whimpered and squeezed Keane’s cock.

"Oh, now you’ve done it," Keane said with a sly smile. He removed my hand from his cock and placed a kiss on my palm before releasing it. "It’s time, Lily."

Rye clasped me in his arms and whispered tender words, sultry words, into my ear as Keane pushed the tip of his cock into my pussy. I moaned with pleasure at the first contact and again with each inch he moved it in farther. The walls of my core hugged tightly around him and, once fully seated, he began to move in and out, slowly, his eyes watching my face.

"How does that feel, Lily?" he asked.

"Wonderful," I breathed.

"Good. Now, I want you to hang on. This might hurt a bit."

Rye hugged me tight and ran kisses the length of my neck and onto my shoulder as Keane pushed through the barrier of my maidenhead. I gasped. It hurt. A sharp, hot burning sensation caused me to stiffen up.

"You are doing wonderfully, my beautiful Lily," Rye said as Keane moved back and forth, building up a rhythm.

"Oh, Lily, you feel so good. So perfect around my cock," Keane's voice rasped. His face grew intense and, with each thrust of his cock, the pain vanished and was replaced by pleasure.

How was it possible? Each time I thought I'd reached the heights of ecstasy, they showed me something new, revealed an aspect of myself and my body of which I had been totally unaware.

I cried out, babbled syllables that made no sense, but yet they conveyed everything I wanted to say.

"Yes," I shouted, "oh yes!" And, once again, I exploded with a climax. This time, Keane did, too, his voice joining mine as we shouted our pleasure. His hot seed shot into my passage over and over, such copious amounts that some slipped out and coated my thighs.

Keane braced himself on the mattress and leaned down to kiss me tenderly. "Mine," he said when it ended.

"Yes," I replied.

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RYE

FUCK. I nearly came watching Keane fuck our bride. Her sex noises were the most sensual thing I'd ever heard. Tiny whimpers to incoherent babble. They went straight to my cock. My balls ached.

I'd planned to give her some time to recover from the three orgasms she'd already had. As it was, her head lolled to the side, and she gazed up at Keane with dreamy-eyed adoration.

"Lily, honey?" I asked. "How do you feel?"

She glanced up at me and smiled. "Words can’t describe it."

I chuckled. Keane certainly appeared satisfied. He’d withdrawn from her pussy, reluctantly, then lay down next to our bride and pulled her into his arms. Caressing and tending to her in the aftermath of their coupling. I had never seen Keane behave so tenderly toward anyone, man or beast. But the way he stroked Lily’s hair and whispered endearments to her, his eyes full of affection and wonder showed a new side of him.

It did my heart good to see my friend, my dearest friend, so happy and content. Our bride certainly appeared quite satisfied as well.

But, we were a threesome, and I had yet to claim my bride. Keane and I exchanged a glance, and he shifted about, scooting himself and Lily into position on the edge of the bed with her seated between his thighs, using his body for support. I stood next to the bed, gazing down at our bride.

"Now it’s my turn, Lily. My turn to make you mine."

Though I knew she had to have been worn out from exertion and multiple orgasms, her eyes opened wide, and she perked up. "Yes, Rye. Make me yours." She smiled at me, and it was as though the sky had opened up and rainbows and butterflies flew out.

She really had turned me into a lovesick poet.

I bent my knees a bit and took hold of my cock, preparing to enter her.

"This is going to be fast and hard, Lily. It seems my ability to wait has been diminished from watching you come so beautifully over and over."

A satisfied moan floated up from her throat, and she wiggled her hips in my direction. Keane shifted her so that her pussy tilted up at just the right angle, and I plunged into her welcoming heat in one thrust.

"Oh god in heaven!"

"She’s perfect, isn’t she?" Keane said.

"She’s better than perfect," I gritted, doing my damnedest not to come immediately like a horny stable boy.

Lily blushed at our praise and smiled up at me like the well-fucked bride she was.

After that, there was no holding back for me. No gentle claiming. I pounded into her hard and fast, as promised, and she put her hands on my hips to steady herself, taking each thrust with a satisfied "oomph" and pushing against me.

Her breath rasped in and out, and the sweet sex noises started up again, telling me she was on the verge of yet another orgasm. The walls of her pussy spasmed around me, clutched at my cock, and I felt her come as she moaned my name.

Unable to hold out against her any longer, I shot my wad hot and fast into her sopping wet pussy. My seed, Keane’s seed, and her juices combined.

She was ours.

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# 7

## LILY

"WAKE UP, KITTEN." Keane’s voice wrapped around me and woke me from a deep sleep. I blinked and adjusted to the first light of day seeping through the curtains. We were a tangled mess of arms and legs and sheets. I had no idea where the pillows ended up because I had used Rye’s chest as mine.

I ought to have been shocked, embarrassed, or at least concerned about waking up naked entwined in the limbs of two men—two very attractive and virile men, I might add. But when I checked with my conscience, I found myself happier than I had been in many years.

All my life I had behaved according to expectations. Society’s, my family’s and, most recently, the Garners’. No more. My gaze lingered on the well-sculpted shapes of my two husbands, and a thrill went through me.

This was where I belonged. And as soon as we got to Bridgewater, that mysterious, wondrous place, I would be home. We were a family.

"Good morning," I said to Keane then turned to Rye. "Good morning, Rye."

He grabbed me and pulled me beneath him, his hands roaming over my flesh. "Good morning to you, little bride," he growled. I could feel his hard cock prodding at my entrance.

"Rye," Keane said, extricating himself from the tangle and standing next to the bed, "we need to be on our way if we want to get home before the heat of the day sets in."

Rye waved him off. "You go on. I’m busy. So is Lily."

With a shrug, Keane joined us. "How can I argue with that?"

Swiftly, I was placed upon my hands and knees on the mattress. This was a new position. I suspected one of many that would become familiar during the course of our marriage. Keane stood next to the bed, his manhood hard and ready and directly in my line of sight. Rye knelt behind me.

"I believe it is high time our bride had a lesson in sucking cock. What do you think, Keane?"

"I could not agree more." Keane fisted his length and stepped closer to me. Meanwhile, Rye widened my thighs and set his cock at the rim of my sex, entering from the rear.

Sucking cock? Did that mean what I thought it meant?

Keane held his shaft. "Get ready, Lily. It’s time for your first taste of cock."

They were joking, right? They didn’t really expect me to…

"Lily," Rye ordered, "let Keane put his cock in your mouth."

I gasped and stared. I shook my head from side to side.

A sharp swat sounded through the room, and I startled. Another stinging smack to my backside. I turned to gape at Rye. His gaze narrowed on me. "You will do as we say, Lily. Best you learn that lesson now." He swatted

again. "Open your mouth for Keane’s cock. You might be surprised to find you like it."

For all my brave thoughts moments before about living an unconventional life and not giving in to the expectations of others, I found myself resistant. Surely such an act was depraved and wrong. Dirty. Whorish.

Another swat landed on my bottom, and I could feel my rear end heating. Rye spread my cheeks and pressed a finger to my bottom hole.

When I cried out and turned again to stare at him, he simply gave me a devilish smile. "You belong to us, Lily. The sooner you come to understand that, the better it will be for all of us."

"It’s shameful," I whispered.

They both chuckled. "I believe we engaged in many shameful things during the night, stubborn Lily, and you did not offer any complaints," Rye said. "Now, shall I continue to spank, or are you going to do as you are told? Either way, you will not leave this room until you have thoroughly sucked Keane’s cock and taken his seed down your throat. I suggest you cooperate. However, I have no qualms about applying my hand to the soft cheeks of your ass. It is quite a delectable sight." To prove his point, he swatted again then gripped my stinging globes and pulled them apart, leaning forward to blow upon my most shameful hole.

"Oh lord," I cried out.

While my mouth was open, Keane rested his cock on my bottom lip. "Suck," he ordered. I looked up into his eyes and he winked at me.

How could I say no to that?

Following his demands, I closed my lips around his member and again glanced up at Keane. The expression of pleasure on his face spurred me onward, and I drew him in deeper.

"Good girl, Lily," he praised, his voice strained.

Meanwhile, Rye ceased my punishment and shoved his cock deep into my pussy.

To my shock, I found I enjoyed having Keane’s cock in my mouth. My tongue stroked along the length of it, and it swelled. Was I some sort of whorish wanton to enjoy this?

Behind me, Rye groaned with pleasure. "Damn it, Lily, you feel so good. I could stay here forever." He shoved against me, and I braced my hands and knees on the mattress and focused on keeping my jaw firmly in place lest I injure Keane.

In just a few short hours, he, and Rye, had become quite dear to me, and I hated the thought of causing either of them any harm.

Keane grabbed hold of the back of my head and held me in place while he thrust in and out of my mouth. Rye, with a firm grip on my hips, matched his movements, and it did not take long before I was lost, yet again, in a haze of lust, my body greedy for their domination. Despite the rigorous pounding they were giving me, I needed more.

I mewled around Keane’s cock and moved my body in rhythm with their thrusts.

"I’m going to come now, Lily. All of it down your throat." Keane gripped my hair and tipped my head back until our gazes met. "Understand?"

I groaned and gave a slight nod an instant before his essence filled my mouth and throat. Keane cried out as he reached his climax.

"Swallow it, Lily. Swallow like a good girl," Rye encouraged, his voice strained. "Jesus. That’s about the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen." He thrust into my core with renewed vigor.

I did as instructed, the hot seed gliding over my tongue as I licked and sucked to get every bit.

"Good girl," Keane praised as he withdrew his cock. "That was wonderful. Your pert little mouth is perfect for sucking cock."

Then he took hold of my chin and directed my gaze to his again. "I want you to keep your eyes on me while Rye fucks that sweet pussy of yours. I want to watch your face as you come. Do not hold anything back from me, from us, Lily."

I nodded, panting hard as my own climax neared. Rye's thrusts into my core had sped up, and his breathing mixed with mine and echoed around the room. As I was on the very edge of orgasm, Rye slipped one hand around me and fingered the hard nub of my sex. My clitty, I believe they called it. *Oh lord*.

It took merely a couple of strokes before every muscle in my body tightened, contracted and then released all at the same time while I made guttural sounds deep in my throat. My eyes stayed locked on Keane's and it seemed he could see all the way to my soul. An intimate invasion, and I wanted to glance away, but I also felt compelled to look at him. There was a connection in that moment, something beyond our physical intimacy.

When Rye came in an eruption in my core, his shout distracted both Keane and I, and the look between us ended. After a moment or two, Rye withdrew from me and lay on the bed, easing me to lie next to him.

"That was magnificent, sweet Lily." He gazed into my eyes with the same intensity as Keane.

I smiled up at him, utterly sated.

"I think it's time we got our bride back to Bridgewater," Keane said.

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KEANE

FINALLY, we were on our way back to Bridgewater. With our bride. Despite my optimistic pronouncements, I had to admit our trip to Butte had been

much more successful than I'd ever anticipated. I had believed we'd find *a* bride, but it had not quite occurred to me exactly how profound an effect finding *the* bride for us would have.

We'd collected our horses from the livery. A carriage or wagon would have been preferable to travel back to Bridgewater, but on short notice nothing was available.

No matter, Lily was happily settled in front of me, riding sideways and resting her head against my shoulder. With each breath I inhaled the sweet aroma of her hair. Her face was mere inches from mine and, in the bright morning sun, we made our way to Bridgewater.

"Tell me more about Bridgewater."

"Imagine the most beautiful piece of land in all of Montana, in fact, in all of the West. Then multiply that by ten, and you'll have Bridgewater," I said.

She laughed. "It sounds wonderful."

"It is." I sighed. Certainly I was glib, but I was not known to share my inner feelings with many. Rye was my closest confidant, but it was not as though we sat around our cabin sharing our deepest thoughts with one another. Something about Lily inspired me to share more with her. "I have traveled the world over, and no place means as much to me as Bridgewater. And the people there, they are my family." I kissed the top of her head. "Though you and Rye are my real family."

She sighed happily. "It has been a long time since I had a family."

"You are an orphan?" My heart hurt thinking she might have been left all alone in the world, though that would explain how she'd ended up in the employ of someone as vile as Mr. Garner.

"I suppose you could say that. My mother died when I was twelve. My father a couple of years later." She blinked back tears, and I wrapped an arm around her and held her close. We were moving at a slow pace and my horse, Cherry Blossom, probably knew the way even without my guidance,

though after a few days in the city livery, I could feel her eagerness to let loose and gallop across the prairie.

Lily had petted her nose hesitantly before mounting. "Nice horsey," she'd whispered. Cherry Blossom must have sensed Lily's sweet soul—how could anyone not notice it?—and had nudged her. I suspected we were getting a more gentle ride than usual for the benefit of my new bride. I made a mental note to give Cherry Blossom an extra ration of oats and carrots when we got home.

"I'm sorry about your parents." I felt a pang for my own absent family. "Do you have brothers and sisters?" I felt obliged to learn everything I could. She was suddenly the most interesting person I had ever met, and I needed to know all about her. I'd certainly become familiar with her body, but, with Lily, there was more I wanted to know. Her deepest thoughts. The yearnings of her heart.

"Thank you," she said. "No siblings." She stared off into the distance as though remembering something. A cloud of sadness flitted over her face.

"Do you mind me asking how you ended up working as a governess?" I queried gently.

She shifted a bit. Fortunately, she was slim, and we easily managed on my saddle. She might have been uncomfortable, but I suspected she was simply thinking about what to say.

"My family was rather well-to-do. When my father passed away, all of his estate was entrusted to my uncle, my mother's brother, to be held in trust for me until I was of age." She paused and looked off into the distance again. I managed to stay silent and allowed her to gather her thoughts. "There was money for me to attend a finishing school and for private tutors," she said, almost ruefully. "I had been promised by my father to the son of one of his business associates."

Woah. That was unexpected, though I supposed it ought not to have been. She was stunning and graceful. Finishing school and tutors would

explain her genteel manner and prim ways. But it hardly explained why she was working as a governess and worried about the loss of a set of drawers.

We’d be sending off for a whole new wardrobe for our bride as soon as we got home. Of course, my preference would be for her to spend her days naked in our cabin, but she’d have to go outside at some point, and I didn’t want her wearing anything associated with her old life.

"And what happened?" I prodded carefully, though it hurt my heart to ask. No doubt it would be a tale of sadness, but it was also the set of events that led her to us.

"It turns out my uncle gambled away all of my trust fund. Every cent." She drew in a ragged breath. "As soon as he found out, the man to whom I’d been promised, as well as his father, called off the wedding. The best my uncle could do was secure a governess position with his friend, Mr. Richard Garner." She shook her head. "He didn’t even apologize."

I saw red and swore to myself if I ever met this uncle I would give him the same treatment I’d given Mr. Garner. And more.

She sighed and glanced up at me with a shy smile. "I thought my life was over, but now I can see it was all for the best. My life is just beginning. With you and Rye. At Bridgewater."

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# 8

## RYE

"WE REALLY ARE in the wilds of Montana. I've never traveled this far from the city or at least not this deep into the unsettled part of the territory. The scenery is breathtaking." Lily gazed into the distance, and I enjoyed seeing things anew from her perspective.

We'd stopped midway along our journey for food and to rest briefly, and Lily had switched to riding with me for the final leg of our trip to Bridgewater.

"I am glad to have time alone, to get to know you," she said to me. "What was it like growing up and being a lord?"

She blushed a bit, I assumed because she thought it was a personal question. That struck me as ironic considering the many and varied physical intimacies we'd shared. Had I not knelt before her and suckled at her clit until she came in a shattering orgasm on my mouth?

But it was her prim and proper ways that made me determined to corrupt her even more, though I hoped she'd always retain a bit of her

polished manner. It made her screaming, out of control, orgasms even more pleasurable.

I gazed down at her and smiled. I did not have Keane’s glib way about me, but I found I smiled more readily and easily in Lily’s company.

"I grew up with many advantages. My family traces its roots back many generations, and I was raised to take my place in society. But"—I paused to consider the rest of my answer—"things didn’t go as planned." I shook my head back and forth ruefully. "However"—I kissed the top of her head—"I can see now it was all those things that brought me here. To you."

She leaned into me and rested her head on my shoulder with a contented sigh. "I’m glad it did."

I chuckled. It felt good to have her relax and draw nearer to me.

"How do you and Keane know each other?"

"His father was the steward on our country estate. He was my father’s right-hand man and, when his father died, my father took Keane under his wing. We’re close to the same age, and my brothers are much older than me. We were more like brothers than I ever was with my actual siblings."

I smiled, again, thinking back to our boyhood. "We sure did get into a lot of trouble. It was mostly Keane’s doing."

"Mostly?" she asked with a laugh. "I like imagining my two virile husbands as mischievous boys."

"Don’t be pert, Lily." I tried for a stern tone, but it was difficult as her company put me into a good mood.

Feeling bold, she queried further, "How did the two of you end up all the way out here? It’s a long way from the English countryside."

"It is certainly that," I answered. "Though my father had offered to assist Keane with an education or learning a trade, he was determined to make his own way. He joined the British Army and ended up in Mohamir where he met Rhys. He’s one of the men who lives at Bridgewater."

She watched and waited for me to continue.

"In Mohamir, a woman has two husbands, sometimes more. To see to her protection and pleasure. Many of the foreign soldiers saw the wisdom of this custom. Some of them came here, to Montana Territory, to buy up land where they could live in peace, the way they wanted."

"That explains how Keane got here. But what about you?"

"I had a broken engagement. I was extremely down in the mouth about it. One day, a letter from Keane arrived, urging me to travel to America to be part of a place called Bridgewater. I wasn't exactly sure what it entailed, but life in England for a man who was tossed aside by a high society lady is not particularly enjoyable. I boarded a ship, sailed to New York, rode across North America and, voila. Bridgewater."

"What does your family think?"

With anyone else, I would have thought they were pressing their luck with so many questions, but I felt unusually chatty this day.

"Oh, they are certain that I have gone mad. Why would anyone give up the sights and luxuries of London for the wilderness of Montana?"

We rode up a ridge, and the horses stopped. I sighed contentedly and gazed into the distance. Lily perked up and looked in the same direction. In the valley below, nestled among the trees was a large ranch with well-tended paddocks and barns and several cabins of varying sizes sprinkled about. A feeling of serenity washed over me.

"This is why." My heart filled with pleasure at the sight in a way no number of British country estates could ever do.

"Is that Bridgewater?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, almost reverently.

Keane and Cherry Blossom came up next to us, excitement evident on Keane's face. "Ah, we're almost home. I've missed Bridgewater. What do you think, Lily?"

She stared out toward the horizon, taking in the bright green of the trees, the scent of pine and cool mountain air. "It's beautiful. More beautiful than

I had even imagined."

"Welcome home." I leaned down to give her a kiss that left her clinging to the front of my shirt.

Then Keane took his turn kissing her. I should have been insane with jealousy, but I wasn’t. It was the most natural thing in the world for us to share our sweet Lily.

"Let’s go home," Keane said.

"Yes!" Lily replied.

"Hang on, Lily." I wrapped an arm around her to hold her safely before I spurred my horse, Annabelle, onward.

"Oh!" Lily gasped as we took off, much faster than the steady pace we’d traveled thus far.

Keane rode ahead of us and took off his hat, waving it in the air, his long hair blowing in the breeze. He shouted with jubilation, and it was contagious.

"Yahoo," Lily cried out, holding tightly to my arm. Glancing down, I saw the exhilaration on her face. Uninhibited joy. She shouted again, and I joined in, whooping with my own elation.

It was not the sort of thing a proper English lord did, but I was a cowboy, a Bridgewater man, now.

We must have created quite a commotion because several people exited the cabins and stood on porches, gazing in our direction.

Keane slowed up so we could all enter together. A couple of the men had rushed to greet us, opening the gate for the three of us to ride in together.

"Welcome home!" Rhys shouted.

"We weren’t expecting you for a few more days," Simon said.

"Woah! Is that a bride?" Cross called out, a huge smile spreading over his face.

A crowd had gathered around us, and I could tell Lily felt self-conscious. "Oh my," she said, breathing hard after the exciting ride from the top of the ridge. She reached up to straighten her hat, tucking clumps of her hair under the brim. "This was hardly the way I wanted to meet my new neighbors. I was screaming like a child all the way down from the ridge. What must they think of me?" she murmured, eyes filled with worry.

"You have no need to fret, sweet Lily," I leaned down to whisper in her ear. "You are among friends here."

She gazed up at me and nodded, but the concern remained.

Keane dismounted and strode toward us. "Come, Lily, and meet some of our Bridgewater friends."

I could feel her stiffen with anxiety, but a couple of the women had stepped forward, smiling. "Welcome to Bridgewater!" they called out and she seemed to relax a tiny amount.

"Oh good! Another woman. Maybe we'll outnumber the men soon," someone in the crowd said, and laughter followed.

The warmth of their welcome quieted her nerves and when Keane grasped her waist she smiled happily and slid down into his arms, though she blushed when his hand slipped lower and squeezed her bottom as he propelled her forward to meet our friends. I dismounted and joined them, draping my arm over her shoulders.

"Everyone, we'd like to introduce our bride, Lily."

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LILY

SOMEHOW I FOUND myself swept up in a group of strangers. Friendly and welcoming, but strangers nonetheless. It seemed there was an abundance of

broad-shouldered-and-handsome men at Bridgewater. Of course, none could hold a candle to Rye and Keane, though I am sure all the other wives felt the same about their men. As it should be.

In the crush of people and excited chatter, Rye and Keane kept a watchful eye on me, which I found immensely comforting. I had not anticipated such a welcome, though. Of course, other than the rantings of Mr. Richard Garner, which contrasted dramatically with the clear affection Rye and Keane had for the ranch and its inhabitants, I knew very little of life at Bridgewater and nothing at all about the other residents.

We'd managed to arrive just in time for the noon meal and were ushered inside a cozy home where Rhys, Cross, Simon, and their wife Olivia lived. I tried to hide my surprise when I realized that Olivia had not two husbands, but three.

"Oh, don't you worry about that," Olivia laughed, patting my arm. "I'm a bit shocked by it myself." Then she leaned in close and whispered, "but I couldn't be happier. I know you'll be happy too, with Rye and Keane. Though I'll admit I was skeptical when they claimed they were going to find a bride in a week, but those two did it in half that time." She laughed again, and her blue eyes sparkled with warmth and good humor.

"It has been a whirlwind." That was a large understatement.

"Well, welcome to Bridgewater," she said, glancing over my shoulder. "I can see that your men are watching you with hungry eyes. And I don't think it's because of the stew I've got on the stove." Olivia winked at me. "Being a Bridgewater bride is the best. I can't wait for us to get to know each other better. But I suspect it might be a few days before those two let you out of the bedroom. You'd best eat up. You'll need your strength." She laughed again then paused, taking in my heated blush.

"Oh, Lily," she said, "forgive me. I forget that not everyone is used to the way we talk around here. I certainly meant no offense. I've been out here in the wilderness too long. I guess I'm starting to act uncivilized."

"Please," I implored, leaning toward her. Something about her drew me in, and I hoped we'd become friends. It had been a long time since I'd had a friend. "Do not concern yourself. I am rather new to all of this, but"—I glanced around and caught Keane and Rye looking at me. Their heated gazes caused the pulses between my thighs to begin in earnest—"I am quite happy to be here and especially happy to meet you."

"I'm sure we'll become great friends. We'll have a little get-together in a few days, and you can meet some of the other girls."

"How many are there?"

"Hm." She counted on her fingers. "I guess about fourteen."

I reared back. I had no idea. "Oh my."

Olivia laughed again. "Don't worry, we don't bite."

"Hey, woman." A dark haired man wrapped his arm around Olivia's slim waist. "We're getting hungry. And I don't think Rye and Keane want to be hanging around here all afternoon, if you know what I mean." He gave her bottom a sharp swat, and she squealed and giggled. "Simon!" she cried out. "We have company!"

"Oh, nothing she isn't going to get used to very quickly herself," he replied then turned to me with a smile that went all the way to his dark eyes. "I'd never want to embarrass a woman on purpose, especially not a newcomer to Bridgewater. I hope you'll forgive my exuberance, Lily."

"Of course," I said. He was certainly charming, and the way he looked at Olivia made me like him immediately.

"Let's go and have a seat." Keane came up and put his arm around my waist. "Thanks for inviting us to eat with you, Simon."

"Happy to do it," our host replied.

I was settled into a seat between Rye and Keane. I did a hurried count and determined about ten people were around the table, each woman situated between two men. I wondered how Olivia's three husbands managed. I'd have to ask her about that sometime.

Then I giggled to myself. Who’d ever have thought that would be a topic of conversation in my life?

"What’s so funny, Lily?" Rye whispered in my ear, his hot breath sending a shiver through me.

"I-I’m happy to be here," I replied. True, but not exactly the correct answer to his question.

Olivia and another man, I assumed it was one of her husbands, entered the room. He carried a large pot of stew, which he set on the table while Olivia distributed two plates of steaming cornbread. Keane put a slice of cornbread on my plate while Rye filled my glass with milk. Then Keane took my plate and ladled a helping of stew onto it.

I hadn’t thought I was hungry, but the sights and smells of Olivia’s meal opened up my appetite. "This looks delicious, Olivia, thank you," I said, spreading my napkin over my lap.

The meal was a raucous affair with lots of chatter and good natured ribbing around the table, particularly amongst the men, though a couple of the women gave as good as they got.

This was not like any meal I’d had at the Garners’ house.

"I understand you’re from Butte," another woman—oh, why wasn’t I better with names?—said to me from across the table.

"Yes, I am," I replied.

"But now she’s from Bridgewater," Rye interjected, pulling me close and kissing me, right there in front of everyone. When it ended I was dazed and blushing. I glanced around the table, certain I’d see shocked expressions from the others, but no one acted as though they’d even noticed.

The woman across the table gave me a smile. "They’re all so possessive." She shook her head. "And I love it."

"You’d better," a man on her left growled before ravishing her mouth.

I’d never observed such a passionate kiss, and I felt a flush cross my cheeks. I should have turned away, but I couldn’t.

"I bet they never taught you about this sort of thing at finishing school, did they?" Keane whispered in my ear. "What does it do to you when you watch the way Tyler is taking care of Emily?"

"I-I..."

On my left, Rye’s hand slid up my skirt. I gasped when he slipped his finger between the folds of my sex. "She’s very wet," he said, barely even trying to keep his voice low. "I think she likes watching."

"Well, if that’s the case," Simon answered, cupping Olivia’s face between his palms and lowering his mouth to hers. She moaned deep in her throat and buried her fingers in his hair, responding enthusiastically to his kiss, and when Simon finished, she turned to the husband on her other side.

Before I knew it, men and women all around the table were engaging in what might have looked like a kissing competition. Or an orgy. The room echoed with moans and sighs of pleasure.

Meanwhile, my breath caught in my throat, and I squirmed in my seat. Rye’s fingers were fully engulfed in my pussy while Keane’s lips caressed the delicate flesh near my ear. "You like watching, don’t you? Oh, naughty, naughty, Lily."

I wanted to object to his statement, but what could I say? The evidence was there, oozing between the lips of my sex.

Rye removed his hand, and an involuntary protest flew from my lips. Both my husbands stood, pulling me up between them. "Olivia," Keane said, "thank you for a lovely meal, but it seems we need to get home and attend to our bride."

I shrieked with embarrassment. "Keane!"

"You need to learn the most important rule at Bridgewater," Rye said.

"Wh-what’s that?" I asked, almost afraid to find out the answer.

"At Bridgewater," Rye called out.

"A woman’s needs come first!" the others chimed in.

We left the house to the shouts and applause of the others. I’d never been so embarrassed and proud at the same time. My men wanted me, and they didn’t care who knew it. On the other hand, all those people in there, my new neighbors, surely believed I was wanton. A hussy. Scandalous!

As we stepped off the porch, Rhys rushed out the door, a brown-paper-wrapped parcel in his hands. "You’re gonna need these," he said, passing the package to Keane and giving him a wink.

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# 9

## KEANE

"RYE! KEANE!" Lily glared from one of us to the other, indignant. "How could you embarrass me like that, in front of everyone? I don’t even know them and now, what will they think of me?"

Ah, poor Lily. I could see the way her genteel upbringing warred with her newly awakened urges and desires. Her inhibitions had been lowered, but now she’d raised them again. Well, we’d see about that.

I scooped her up and tossed her over my shoulder, landing a hard swat on her ass as we moved through the ranch to the home we’d all share. "Lily, you’re at Bridgewater now. We live according to our own rules, not society’s."

"B-but," she sputtered.

We arrived at our home rapidly, no doubt due to my eagerness to be alone with Lily. Rye obviously felt the same since he’d run ahead and opened the front door. I slipped Lily down and held her in a more ladylike

manner as we crossed the threshold for the first time as married people. I do try to be traditional about some things.

Rye closed the door behind us, and I took Lily straight to the master bedroom we'd all share. Rye and I had separate rooms, but now that we had married Lily, we'd save the other bedroom for our children.

Children. God, I couldn't wait to see Lily's body swollen with our offspring.

Not that I needed any motivation to want to fuck the living daylights out of her.

"Is she still wet?" Rye asked as soon as he entered the room.

"You'll have to check," I replied, tugging my boots off and stripping out of my clothes.

Lily lay upon the bed, her cheeks still red with embarrassment. She had her arms folded over her chest and a decidedly unfriendly expression on her face. Rye paused and took in her countenance then turned to me.

"Our bride seems conflicted," he said.

I shrugged. "She's not used to things around here. Hell, she's been living with those uptight prigs in Butte. It could take a while to get the taint of something like that off of you."

"Well, she'd better get used to it." Rye pulled off his boots, too, and began to strip.

"She will." I dropped my shirt onto the back of a chair.

By then I was naked and stood next to the bed gazing down at her. She gave me an angry scowl, but her eyes soon strayed to my cock. My *fully erect and ready to fuck some sense into her* cock.

"Like what you see, Lily?"

She turned her head away with a huff.

"I think she's mad," Rye observed.

"I'm right here." She glared at us. "You can stop talking about me like I'm a potted plant."

"I like it when she gets snippy," I said.

"Argh!" She scowled and glared some more.

Rye, usually not prone to coddle anyone, sat on the edge of the mattress and drew her into his arms, which was a bit of a challenge since she was determined to hold her body stiff.

"Okay, kitten. What seems to be the problem?"

She drew in a shuddering breath, and tears glimmered in her eyes.

Damn.

Not tears. I could not handle tears. And I doubted if Rye would be any better.

However, we could not let her pout or disobey us.

"I-I told you. You embarrassed me. In front of everyone. H-how am I supposed to be able to show my face around here after that?" Worry filled her expression, and it pained me to see her distressed.

"Darlin’"—I knelt and placed my hand on her leg—"did anyone make hurtful comments to you?"

She paused. Sniffled. Thought. "N-no, I suppose not."

"Or act in a way that made you feel unwelcome?"

She shook her head. "No, I actually felt surprisingly welcome," she said, her mood lifting somewhat, and the tears remained at bay. Thank fuck.

"Did anyone laugh at you?" Rye asked, his voice more gentle than I’d ever heard it.

"They all laughed."

Rye tipped her chin up. "There is a difference between laughing because everyone was having a good time and they were happy for us and laughing at your expense. I can assure you, Lily, if anyone had laughed at your expense, they’d have gotten my fist to their jaw."

"And if it had been any of the women, their men would have turned them over their knees right then and there."

She blinked. "Really?"

"Of course, really. You’re ours, and if anyone hurts you, physically or emotionally, they will answer to us," I said, standing and holding my fists up. "I’m a trained fighter, you know."

She looked me up and down, her eyes lingering on my stiff manhood. "Cockfighting?" she asked with a smirk.

My jaw hung open.

"Did our sweet, innocent, blushing Lily just make a cock joke?" I asked.

"It would appear so," Rye replied, shaking his head from side to side. "Will wonders never cease." He gazed down at her affectionately. "You are certainly full of surprises, naughty Lily."

---

LILY

I MADE a joke and then wished the floor would open and swallow me. Where had that come from?

"I’ve never been around people who behaved like that. It’s a lot to get used to." I squirmed, remembering the scene around the table with everyone kissing. The sights and sounds of it echoed in my head.

Rye tightened his arms around me and kissed my temple, a gesture I found particularly comforting, as though I was precious to him. "Life here at Bridgewater is different from life outside. That’s the way we want it, what each person on the ranch is committed to. I guess I have gotten accustomed to it myself, which is saying a lot for someone raised from birth to take his place in British society, and even I forgot it might be overwhelming and strange for you."

Keane knelt down again, taking my hand in his. "We were so proud and happy to have you meet our friends, our Bridgewater family, I guess we

didn’t consider how it might be for you. I’m sorry."

"Thank you," I said, stunned. I was not accustomed to people taking my feelings into account and definitely not used to anyone offering me an apology, particularly not men. These Bridgewater men, my Bridgewater men, were unlike anyone else on the planet, and a sense of my good fortune at being with them warmed me. "I am sorry I jumped to conclusions."

"It seems we all made some assumptions," Rye replied, ever the voice of reason. "However," he continued, "that does not excuse your pouting and petulance. When you have a problem, when something is on your mind, you need to tell us. Have we given you any reason to think we wouldn’t give your words and feelings our utmost care? That your needs wouldn’t come before ours?"

I looked at him; his demeanor and words were sincere. A glance at Keane revealed the same. "I-I will keep that in mind. It is a rather foreign concept to me, but I will do my best."

I paused for a moment, trying to make sense of their words and deeds. "You two are not like anyone I’ve ever known."

"Thank you," Keane grinned. "That is the highest form of compliment."

Rye tipped my chin up again. "Is there anything else you need to tell us? Do you have more concerns? We want to know. We always want to know your worries and your joys. Understand?"

"I understand. And no, I can’t think of anything else that is of concern to me."

"Then we ought to get on with the fucking, don’t you think?" Rye said.

I squealed. "Rye!"

"Do you object to my frank words?" he asked, eyes sparkling with humor.

"I...I...I am not used to such language," I said, honestly. "But"—I glanced up at Keane as well— "I am not opposed to your suggestion."

"That’s our girl!" Rye laid me back, and the two of them set about undressing me in a rush. Moments later, I was naked, sandwiched between them on the big bed.

"I think it’s time we gave you a proper Bridgewater welcome." Keane ran kisses from one shoulder blade to the other, sending shivers across my flesh. He slipped his hands around to cup my breasts, his thumbs stroking over my nipples.

"I believe we started out discussing whether or not your cunny was wet." Rye ran his hands up my calves and then higher, working his fingers along the juncture of my thighs and womanly core. He touched the edge of my pussy and inhaled sharply. "Oh, yes, little Lily, so wet. Much wetter than when we first arrived."

Keane held me from the back while Rye lowered his face to suck on the lips of my pussy. I inhaled sharply as his tongue plunged between the walls of my sex.

"Mm. How does that feel, Lily, having Rye’s tongue in your pussy?" Keane whispered into my ear.

I was still getting used to their direct talk, particularly as it related to my body and all things sexual. When I hesitated, Keane gave one of my nipples an attention-getting pinch. "Tell me, Lily. What’s it like to have Rye’s tongue on you there?"

I gulped, and heat suffused my face. "It f-feels wonderful. It makes me even w-wetter," I stated, feeling like I had accomplished a great deal in speaking those words out loud.

"Fuck!" Rye pulled out for a moment. "I think she likes talking dirty. Her pussy spasmed and gushed with even more of her juices."

"No," I cried out. "It cannot be."

Behind me, Keane’s body moved as he chuckled. "Let me see," he said. "Trade me places, Rye."

"Damn. I hate to leave this spot, but you take a turn."

They switched, Rye fondling my breasts from behind while Keane buried his face between my thighs.

"Tell me, naughty Lily," Rye said, "what part of your body is Keane sucking on?"

"Oh, n-no. I c-can’t."

"Of course you can, kitten. You’re with your husbands. You’re safe. You know we expect you to obey us." Rye kissed along my throat, and desire built within me, growing stronger each moment. "Besides, if you don’t say the words, Keane will stop. And you won’t be allowed to have your climax."

"Wha—?" No climax? I was already quivering and on the verge. Could they really deny me?

"Yes, we can and will absolutely deny you," Rye said, as though reading my mind. "Now, answer my question."

"K-Keane is s-sucking on my c-clitty." I whispered the words in a rush, but it didn’t feel nearly as sordid as I’d expected.

"Good girl," Rye said.

Keane paused for a moment. "Damn. You’re right. She gets wetter when she talks dirty."

"I told you," Rye replied.

"Well," Keane said, "now that we’ve settled that, it’s time to get serious about the fucking."

"You weren’t serious before?" I asked.

"Good point." Keane moved away from his spot between my legs.

I whimpered.

"Don’t worry, Lily, we’re just getting started." He went to a dresser and opened the brown paper parcel Rhys had given him when we left their house.

While he did that, Rye maneuvered the two of us until he was lying on the bed with me straddling him. Keane stood next to the bed holding a small

wooden dowel-like object in his hand. The two of them exchanged a glance. *Oh no, what do they have in mind now?*

"This," Keane said, "is a butt plug."

"A what?"

"Oh, sweet Lily." Rye chuckled. He stroked my hair. "You are a delight in every way."

"You two better not be laughing at me. Didn’t we already talk about this?" I was a bit indignant, but I also couldn’t take my eyes off the item Keane held.

Rye kissed me tenderly. "I apologize, darlin’. I am laughing with happiness. You truly do delight me with your prim-and-proper ways." He caressed my cheek. "But I think you are not as prim as you have been taught to be."

I blushed. "Perhaps."

Keane cleared his throat, and I glanced in his direction. "Soon, Rye and I will claim you together. One of us in your pussy and the other"—he gestured with his head—"in your back hole."

"No! You’re joking. It’s not done!"

"This is no joke, Lily dear. It is done. Will be done. In fact, you are going to enjoy it."

I shook my head back and forth. "No, that is impossible."

"This little plug," Keane said and then nodded toward the top of the bureau where several more in varying sizes were laid out, which I hadn’t noticed before, "will train your lovely little pucker to take our big cocks back there. We’ll start with this one and work our way up."

"You cannot be serious. That is lunacy."

Rye delved his fingers into my sex and wiggled them against the walls there. "Show her the plug again," he instructed Keane.

"With pleasure." Keane lifted one of my hands and placed the device on my palm, closing my fingers around it. "Imagine that inside your bottom,

Lily. Snug in your bum."

Heat rushed through my body. Rye continued to move his fingers inside me, sending additional pulses of heat and yearning through me.

"Oh fuck," Rye called out. "I think that plug makes her wetter than when she talks dirty." He pulled his fingers out and held them up. My essence shimmered in the afternoon sunlight.

"Ah, sweet Lily," Keane said, "you can continue to torture yourself by clinging to the straight-laced ways you were taught." He retrieved the device from my palm and moved to stand behind me while Rye drew me forward, pushing my bottom high in the air. Rye's hard cock pressed against my belly. "Or, you can toss all of that nonsense aside and embrace the truth. Embrace what you enjoy and what we want to give you."

I glanced up, and my gaze met Rye's. The depth of my feelings for these two rascals hit me hard. But it couldn't be love. Love took a long time to build and yet… maybe that was another one of those rules society had pounded into me that had no real basis in truth.

I nodded. "Yes, please."

Rye chuckled. "She's so polite."

Behind me, something cold coated my bottom hole, and I tightened up.

Rye lifted my hips and lowered me down onto his cock. "You need to focus on this instead of what Keane is doing." He pushed upward, and I mewled from the deep penetration. He pumped his cock in and out of me, raising me with each thrust while gripping my breasts in his hands.

Keane, meanwhile, had spread the cheeks of my backside. I groaned with embarrassment when I realized what he was doing, the cool air of the room wafting over my shameful entry.

"Look at me," Rye ordered while he continued to thrust, sending spirals of heat and longing tightening through my body.

I focused my gaze on him, his handsome face. As I stared into his eyes, I was nearly overcome with emotion. Affection for him and his caring and

protective ways. There was a bit of pressure on my bottom hole, but I kept my eyes on Rye. "Good girl," he said before capturing my lips with his. The kiss started tender and then deepened. Ravishing me with his tongue. There was a moment of discomfort on Keane’s end of things and then a strange fullness.

The kiss finished and I inhaled sharply.

The heat that had been building in me, spiraled out of control. Rye continued to pump up and down, holding me and jamming his cock deep into my pussy. All the while, Keane twisted the plug in my bottom. I cried out. Never in my wildest imaginings had I thought having something in my back hole would feel good, let alone that it would be the most exquisite pleasure imaginable.

Full. So full. Between Rye’s cock and the plug, I felt owned. Possessed.

Loved.

In that moment, I let loose a wail as all the pleasure points in my body exploded at once.

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## 10

KEANE

"NOW, THAT'S A PRETTY SIGHT," I said, peering at Lily's ass with the largest plug protruding from it. She was on hands and knees on the bed, her backside perched high. I shuddered a bit thinking about when it would be time to put my cock deep into that snug opening. I gave the plug a slight twist to the left, and she whimpered. I put my fingers to her pussy to confirm she found it pleasurable.

When my fingers touched the slit of her sex I had no doubts about her state. I stroked a bit more and her breathing sped up.

Rye was in the midst of getting dressed, wearing a shirt but no pants, and paused to join us. His palm cupped the curve of her butt cheek. "Soon," he said. "It won't be too long until we claim you back here, darling Lily."

She whimpered, and the walls of her core clenched around my fingers.

"Oh fuck, Lily. The things you do to me. I can't get enough." I was partially dressed and fully intended to return to work in a timely manner, but I couldn't leave yet. I pushed my pants down around my ankles and

took hold of her hips. "Hang on, Lily," I called out as I slid balls deep into her hot core. We'd spent the night fucking her in a variety of ways and positions, but I was insatiable.

"Oh god, yes," she replied. Apparently, she was insatiable, too.

"Hey, not without me." Rye positioned himself near Lily's face, and she eagerly opened her mouth for him, giving a moan of pleasure as she sucked on his cock.

I pumped my hips and rode her. She was slick, and the sound of my cock sliding in and out of her wet pussy mixed with the other sex noises in the room.

I glanced up, and my eyes met Rye's. He smiled wide, his hands cupping the back of our bride's head as she took him deep in her throat. Her attitude about sucking cock had improved immensely over the past few days, and she was as eager to have our cocks in her mouth as we were to feel her dainty tongue lapping at our stiff rods.

Rye came first, gripping Lily's head while he spilled down her throat. She swallowed it all eagerly and then he bent to kiss her. The sight of it had me a hair's breadth away from coming, too, but I wanted Lily to get her pleasure before I had mine. I took hold of her breasts and squeezed the taut nipples while my cock rubbed over her clit repeatedly.

"Oh, oh." She pushed back into me, and the walls of her sex clamped down hard on me, a sure sign she was moments away from her completion.

"That's it, Lily," I coaxed. "Come for me. Right now." I slapped her ass with one hand and turned the plug with the other. She came with a squeal of delight that echoed off the walls of our shared bedroom.

My climax followed immediately. My cum shot into her. I could swear I was producing more and more cum each time I got my cock into her, be it her tight pussy or her hot mouth. God only knew what it would be like when I finally got a piece of that ass.

After a few moments to savor the last quivers of her pussy around my cock, I pulled out and joined her on the bed, snuggling her in my arms, wrapping a quilt around us.

"I’m going to miss you both today," she said, gripping my waist.

"We will miss you as well, darling Lily, but we will be home for our noon meal, so it will not be so long. Will you be able to stay out of trouble?" I teased.

"I never get in trouble," she said, resting her head on my chest.

Thirty minutes, later Rye and I reluctantly bid Lily good-bye.

You’d think after four—or was it five?—days of fucking I’d be ready to return to work at the Bridgewater stables, but, as we walked away, I could not help but wish to go back and spend the day with our sweet Lily.

Life before Lily had been satisfying, but now that she was in our hearts, our home, and our bed, our days and nights had become vibrant and alive at a whole new level.

"You think she’ll be all right without us?" Rye asked as we made our way along the path to the stable.

When he asked, it seemed silly to be worried about her, but in my mind, I had the same question. I wouldn’t let on to him, though. We couldn’t spend the day worrying about her. There was no place safer for her or any woman than on Bridgewater Ranch. I’d lost count, but our ranks included over two dozen former soldiers who’d been trained in every manner of fighting imaginable.

"She’ll be fine," I said, as much to convince myself as him.

"Maybe I should go back and check on her." Rye half-turned toward home.

"Stop it," I said. "We’re both acting like fools. She’s a grown woman. You know she’s safe here at Bridgewater."

"I don’t want her to get lonely."

"I think you’re the lonely one. Or horny, more likely."

He laughed. Since we’d married Lily, Rye was lighter, younger, happier.

"I could go back and spend the day with her today, and you could have your turn tomorrow," he suggested.

"Get a grip on yourself, man," I said, though his idea was tempting. "Hard to believe I am the voice of reason."

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RYE

MUCH AS I hated to admit it, Keane had a point. I’d lost much of the rigid demeanor that had been drilled into me while being raised as a member of a family who could trace its distinguished lineage back centuries.

It had been a revelation to me when I first arrived at Bridgewater to see how relaxed and collegial the atmosphere was. Startling, after coming from a world of very strict social distinctions. I supposed I’d never been as committed to the ways of hierarchy as other members of the aristocracy because I’d always considered Keane my equal. My friend. When others of my class treated him as less than, I took great umbrage. And gave a few bloody noses.

But at Bridgewater, I could be myself. And no one gave a damn about my title. It was liberating.

Lily, even in her short time with us, had contributed to that mightily. I had been raised to keep my emotions strictly controlled. My countenance would never give away what I was thinking. But now, I found myself smiling for no reason other than that I was happy.

"Good morning," Simon called out as we approached the stable. He took an obvious glance at the sun rising on the horizon and smirked. "You’re even later than I thought you’d be."

Keane and I looked at each other and grinned.

"Couldn’t be helped," Keane said with a shrug. "I recall a few times when no one emerged from your house until nearly noon."

Simon laughed. "Ah, those were the good old days." He clapped us both on the back. "I’m happy for you. I can see marriage is doing you both a world of good. Lily seems like quite a sweet girl. Olivia is eager to get to know her."

I puffed up, proud as a peacock. "She’s everything we were wishing for."

The three of us made our way into the stables. "I was more than a bit surprised when you returned in only a few days with a bride. How did you find her?"

As we worked around the stables, feeding the horses and cleaning out the stalls, Keane and I shared the story with Simon. I enjoyed the retelling of it, and Simon got a good laugh out of the part where the sheriff’s deputies came into our hotel room.

When we finished he paused and thought for a moment. "Did she ever tell you why she got fired from her job as a governess?"

"I guess we’ve been ‘otherwise engaged’ since we met her," Keane said.

"Now, I’m curious," I replied.

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LILY

I WAS ALONE in the cabin for the first time since our arrival. During the few days we’d already spent together at Bridgewater, we hadn’t ventured too far from home. Or the bed. Though we had also made carnal use of the kitchen table, the sofa in the front room, and the largest bathtub I’d ever seen.

After my men left for the stables, I made the bed. No small feat considering the way the three of us gave the mattress and linens a workout, but I managed and looked back on my efforts with satisfaction.

Next, I tidied the kitchen and swept the floors. What would my mother think if she could see me using a broom? Her voice echoed in my head. "Lily Snow, you'll have calluses like a milkmaid!"

When I finished that task, I stowed the broom away and, my mother's admonition fresh in my head, put some lotion on my hands and then wandered out to the front porch. I brought a small pillow along, which made it easier to sit on the rocking chair while wearing a butt plug. If my mother would be scandalized by my use of a broom, what would she say about a butt plug?

I fought against laughing out loud like a lunatic while I was all alone and gazed out over a portion of Bridgewater Ranch. My home. It had been less than two weeks since that fateful meeting in the park in Butte, and everything in my world had changed.

*Miracles do happen.*

I sighed contentedly. In the distance I could see the cabin where Olivia lived with her three husbands. Perhaps I would visit her soon. I wondered what the protocol was for that sort of thing. It appeared Bridgewater had its own set of rules, which were unlike those I'd grown up with.

As I rocked, I could feel the pressure of the plug in my bottom hole. I'd been shocked when Rye and Keane had produced the set of carved items. I'd never heard of such a thing. And now, I was wearing the largest plug and rocking on the porch as though it was the most normal thing in the world.

Because it was.

I breathed in the crisp mountain air and gazed around. For the first time in many years, I felt at home. Content. More than content, happy. Loved.

A few minutes later I went inside to make the midday meal for Rye and Keane. I had little experience in the kitchen, but they had taught me a few rudimentary skills. Perhaps I could beg some lessons from Olivia. The stew she’d made the day we arrived had been delicious.

My fare was going to be less ambitious, though Keane had relented and written down a recipe for biscuits. I gathered the ingredients and set to work, eager to take care of my men.

———

LILY

"Well, this is quite a feast you’ve made for us," Keane said, forking up a large piece of the ham I’d fried with some apples. Pleased with how that part of the meal had turned out, I smiled in response to his praise.

"You’re really making some good progress in the kitchen, Lily," Rye remarked. "In fact, you’re making progress in all sorts of things." He gave me a pointed look, and I blushed. They’d removed the plug from my bottom hole before our meal. "You’ve gotten to the largest plug faster than we expected."

I flushed simply thinking about what that meant. It had been a challenge for me to trust Keane and Rye, particularly with some of their carnal requests. Demands, actually. And yet, I had found them all quite pleasant. More than pleasant.

Still, the idea of their large cocks in my bottom... Oh my.

"More coffee?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"Yes, please," Keane said, then he gave me a swat on the backside as a thank you after I filled his cup. "Now, come and join us."

I was a bit too nervous to eat. This was the first meal I’d made for them by myself.

Rye added a significant amount of butter and jam to his biscuit, and I winced.

The biscuits had not turned out quite so well. Misshapen and a bit on the heavy side, but both my husbands claimed to think they were fantastic.

I didn’t argue.

After we ate, I cleared away the dishes and rejoined them at the table as we all enjoyed more coffee.

"How was your morning wearing the butt plug?" Rye asked, calm and casual, like he was asking about the weather.

"F-fine, I suppose. How was your morning at the stable?" I asked, as though that was the sort of thing you talked about after discussing butt plugs. Would I ever get used to Bridgewater?

"That reminds me," Rye leaned toward me. "I’ve been wondering, what happened that caused you to get fired from your job as a governess?"

Coffee stuck in my throat, and I struggled for air. Keane raised my arms while Rye gave me a couple of sharp whacks between the shoulder blades. The coughing stopped.

"Seems like you struck a nerve," Keane said.

"Uh-huh," Rye replied, giving me a curious glance. "Now I’m determined to find out what happened."

"Oh please," I whined. "It was so embarrassing. Must I repeat it? Besides, it’s what brought us all together, and that’s what counts, isn’t it?"

They exchanged a glance then grinned at me. Ugh. There was no avoiding it now.

"Remember, there’s nothing embarrassing between us." Rye took my hand.

"And, if it helps, I’ll tell you some embarrassing stories about Rye," Keane offered.

"Ha! Those stories are nothing compared to the things Keane has done over the years."

They had me laughing and, with their promises to tell me embarrassing stories, I decided to take the plunge and share my tale. There would be no peace from them until I did so. I knew them well enough to be certain of that.

"Well," I began, "the night after I met you both in the park, when I was finally alone in my room, I couldn’t stop thinking about you."

"Was it me you couldn’t stop thinking about?" Keane asked.

"I bet it was me," Rye said.

"You were tongue-tied. Could barely get a word out," Keane reminded him. "I was debonair."

I cleared my throat. "Do you want to hear the story or not?"

"Oh, I like it when she gets all strict governess with us, don’t you?" Keane stated.

I waited for them to settle down. Sometimes they were like a couple of schoolboys.

"As I was saying, I was thinking about both of you. In fact, that caused me quite a bit of consternation because I’d never felt such an attraction to any one man, let alone two. I was sure something was wrong with me. But, I decided that for that one night, I would allow myself to indulge in a fantasy."

"Tell us your fantasy, Lily." Rye worked his hand inside my skirt and to the area between my thighs.

"Well…" It was getting more difficult to concentrate and speak while Rye fingered my clitty. "I-I was touching myself, imagining it was the two of you."

"Like this?" Rye pushed two fingers deep into my pussy.

"Y-yes," I replied. He stroked in and out a couple of times, and I gripped the edge of the table, trying to maintain my composure long enough to tell the story.

"Were you excited?" Keane whispered in my ear before he kissed my neck.

"Yes. Very."

"Like you are now?"

"Y-yes." My breath came faster, and I moved my hips in rhythm with Rye’s fingers.

"And then what happened?" Keane whispered again.

"The door slammed open, and Mrs. Garner caught me in the act."

The two of them burst out laughing.

At that very instant, there was a pounding on the front door of our cabin. For a moment I couldn’t tell if it was part of my memory, though, of course, Mrs. Garner had barged in without knocking.

"That’s the door," Rye finally said.

"Anyone knocking on our door when they know we have a new bride must have a death wish." Keane stopped kissing my neck and went to the door while Rye withdrew his fingers and I whimpered with complaint.

"Sorry, darlin’. It must be something urgent."

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# 11

## KEANE

"THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD," I said as I swung the door open.

Simon held his hands up in surrender. "Sorry. You know I wouldn’t be interrupting you if it wasn’t important. Seems there’s a man here from Butte who is quite anxious to buy some horses."

"Don’t we only do that by appointment? And with people we know? I don’t like the sound of any of this".

"Apparently he was not aware of that policy, and since he traveled all the way from Butte…"

"I don’t like it, either," Rye said, joining us.

"It’s one man, and he seems pretty harmless. Scrawny city-boy type, if you ask me."

"Then what’s he want with some of our horses?" I demanded.

Simon huffed out a breath. "We have horses for sale, and he wants to buy horses. He didn’t follow the protocol, but what can be the harm in talking to him?"

"I guess you’re right." It wasn’t as though any of the Bridgewater men were prone to poor judgment. Maybe Rye and I were simply mad because our time with Lily got interrupted.

"Fine," Rye agreed. "But if there’s a strange man on the ranch, I’m going to take Lily over to your place to stay with Olivia. Don’t like the idea of her alone here until we’ve checked this man out."

"That’s wise. Besides, Olivia will enjoy the company."

"I can take care of myself." We all turned to see Lily had entered the conversation.

"I’m sure you can," Rye told her, "but we’ll all feel better if you spend the afternoon with Olivia. That’s not such a hardship, is it?"

"No." She smiled and glanced up at Simon. "I’m looking forward to getting to know Olivia. Forgive me if I sounded petulant. It was not directed at her."

"No offense taken, ma’am." Simon turned to Rye and me. "Let’s go and check this fella out and see what he wants."

It seemed harmless enough, but something didn’t feel right. I got my coat and hat and left with Simon while Rye and Lily headed toward Olivia’s house. I watched them go with a sense of foreboding.

Simon must have noticed. He clapped me on the back. "Come on, Keane. It’ll all be fine. You’re a little nervous because you’ve got a new bride. I’d be the same way. In fact, I think I’ll ask Cross to stick close to the house today, just to keep an eye on things. Isn’t that the reason we have more than one man per woman? To make sure they’re safe."

"Thanks. I probably am being overprotective, but if Cross is nearby, I’ll feel much better."

"Of course. In fact, I’ll do that now while you go on to the stables and see what you think of our visitor."

I continued on my own and paused when the stables came into view. It was easy to spot the non-Bridgewater man. Exactly like Simon described,

he was a scrawny city boy. Even from a distance, he exuded arrogance. My jaw clenched. I hated dealing with these types. But, as Simon had reminded me, we had horses for sale, and this dandy wanted to buy some. As hard as we tried at Bridgewater, we weren’t able to live on love alone.

With a sigh, I put on my best salesman face and approached him. "Good afternoon," I said, making my voice a bit louder than usual. I enjoyed watching him startle at the sound of it. He was a jumpy one, for sure.

He turned to me, and I took his measure up close. Thin-faced and weak-chinned. His eyes were beady and barely visible beneath the thickness of his eyebrows. Using the plural was a bit inaccurate since they blended seamlessly across his nose into one long line like an extra-large caterpillar.

When he put his hand out and we shook, my suspicions were confirmed. Sweaty palm and a weak handshake.

It was all I could do not to kick him off the ranch then and there, but we were a cooperative group and the horses, and their profits, belonged to everyone on the ranch. I was obligated to bite my tongue and do what I could to sell off some of our equine stock.

"Good afternoon," he replied. "I am Timothy Wentworth."

"Nice to meet you," I lied. "I’m Keane."

"Is that your first name or your last name?" he asked officiously. His eyes lingered for a moment on the length of my hair that protruded from my hat and hung down my back. His sneer indicated he was not impressed. Like I fucking cared.

"Yes," I said and turned toward the stable. "Let me show you the horses we currently have for sale."

Inside the stable I nodded to Rhys who had gathered up the available horses. He gave Mr. Timothy Wentworth a wary glance then made himself scarce, though I knew he wouldn’t be far away, whether we were able to see him or not.

"Is there anything in particular you are looking for, Mr. Wentworth?" I asked as we stood gazing at the horses. They were exquisite animals, and I felt proud when I saw them. They were the result of much hard work and careful breeding.

At least I was looking at them. Mr. Wentworth’s gaze wandered all around the barn. "So, this is the famous Bridgewater Ranch," he said.

Something about his tone rubbed me the wrong way. Hell, everything about the man set my teeth on edge. I wasn’t sure what he was trying to get at, but he’d get no information from me except about horses.

"We are becoming rather well known for our horses. We’ve worked hard to breed the best animals possible. The large chestnut mare over there," I pointed, "is one of our finest. I’m sure she’d be a good purchase for anyone."

"Yes, she is an attractive beast," he finally replied.

"Do you mind if I ask what you plan to do with the horses you purchase?" I studied him again; there was nothing about the man that indicated he knew or cared one whit about horses. Most likely he spent most of his time being driven about town, too good to get his shoes dirty walking or sit astride a horse like a real man.

No, I didn’t like this one bit.

---

LILY

RYE HELD my hand tightly as we walked across the ranch to Olivia’s. I was a bit apprehensive going there, remembering how embarrassed I’d felt when I’d left the last time. But, I recalled the reassurance Rye and Keane had given me, and their words had made sense.

When Olivia opened the door, her eyes lit up. "Lily! I was hoping you'd visit soon."

"I'm sorry to drop in without notice."

"Oh, pshaw." She waved her hand as though brushing away my concern. "We're not so fancy around here. Friends are always welcome." She opened the door wider. "Nice to see you, too, Rye."

"Thank you, Olivia. I'm not staying. There's a buyer who showed up today without an appointment, and I didn't feel comfortable leaving Lily alone with a stranger on the premises."

I felt a little bit like a sack of dirty clothes dropped off at the laundry.

But, again, Olivia was so warm and welcoming, my anxiety melted away. "I'm glad you did. Any excuse to have a friend visit." She drew me inside. "They are all a bit overprotective," she said, glancing over her shoulder at Rye with a grin, "but we love them anyway."

"Woah, hold on one minute there," Rye called after us. Olivia and I stopped in our tracks and turned back to where he waited on the porch. He crooked his finger, and I rushed over to him.

"Now"—he tipped my chin up and stared into my eyes—"you are to stay inside and not leave this house until Keane or I come to get you. Understand?"

"B-but, I don't want to be a bother to Olivia."

"Safety is the most important. I'm sure Olivia knows that, too?" He lifted his gaze toward my new friend.

"Yes, I do. And you're not a bother at all, Lily."

Simon joined us on the porch, which surprised me. I thought he'd gone to the stables with Keane. "I'm going to find Cross and have him stick close to the house while the women are here alone."

Rye relaxed. "That's a good idea."

Simon left to get Cross, while Rye cupped my face. "Remember, stay here until one of us comes for you."

I nodded. They were taking this all very seriously. Was there really that much danger from one man visiting the ranch? A ranch populated with former soldiers?

But I knew better than to argue.

He kissed me hard then peered deep into my eyes. "Stay. Here."

"I will. And you be careful, too." I palmed his cheek and stared at him like I might not see him again for a long time. Of course, that didn’t make any sense. He or Keane, probably both of them, would be back for me by suppertime.

Simon returned to the house with Cross then left for the stables with Rye while Cross went inside with Olivia and me.

"Come on." Olivia took hold of my arm. "I’ve got a bit of cake left, and we’ll have that with some coffee and get acquainted."

"I’d like some cake," Cross said.

"You had plenty of cake last night. It’s time for girl talk. Now you just shoo." She waved him away, and I nearly fainted with her boldness.

Cross didn’t seem too pleased with it either because he reached around and gave her a couple of hard swats on the backside. "Don’t get fresh with me, Olivia." His voice was stern, but his eyes were smiling. "You two enjoy yourselves. I’ll keep an eye on things outside."

Olivia gathered the cake and coffee. "I love those men, but they can be a handful. Sometimes you have to keep them in line, even if you do get a few swats in the process."

"I can’t imagine ever talking to Rye or Keane that way," I said, shaking my head.

"Well, I don’t do it very often," Oliva admitted. "Besides, my backside is used to getting spanked." She laughed.

"Do they do that… spank you… often?" My face burned, but I had to ask. I had to know.

"Well, not as much as they used to. I guess I've been behaving better. Though that doesn't mean they don't give my bottom a good workout as it is."

I had a feeling I knew what she was talking about, but never in a million years could I ask. Never. Ever.

"Oh," she said, noticing my blush. "I'm so sorry. I guess I keep blurting things out. I know Rhys gave your men a set of butt plugs so I assumed—"

"You assumed correctly," I said, suddenly overcoming my hesitation to talk about such things. I stirred my coffee and then gazed up at her. "Is it wrong I kind of like it?" I whispered, staring back down at my coffee.

"Heavens no!" she exclaimed. "At first it can be uncomfortable, but that's why he makes so many different sizes. It's easier to get used to." She leaned toward me and placed her hand on my arm. "And when they take you back there… I can't even describe what it's like. But it's wonderful. I feel so full and, when we are all connected in that way, like you will be with Rye and Keane, it's the ultimate claiming. The three of you will be joined, and you're the one who holds it all together. It's rather poetic, in a way. Though when it's happening, I'm more likely to be groaning and moaning than reciting sonnets."

I reared back in my seat and gaped, then the two of us looked at each other and started giggling. That turned into laughing so hard, tears rolled down my cheeks, and I gasped for air. The same for Olivia.

By the time I caught my breath, I felt like the weight of the world was off of me. It wasn't wrong for me to enjoy the sensation of the plug in my bottom. Olivia seemed like a lovely person and, if she liked it, I could, too.

"Oh, that felt good." I wiped at my tears. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. I haven't laughed that hard in a long time." She took a sip of coffee then got a bit serious. "I'm sure you're nervous about when they both enter you at the same time, but I'm certain they'll be very careful

and as gentle as they can. Those men love you with their whole hearts. I can tell."

"I love them with my whole heart, too," I replied, without even thinking. When I realized what I'd said, I clapped my hand over my mouth and then lowered it. "I-I've never said that before," I confessed.

Olivia's face glowed as she smiled at me. "Oh, honey, that's the best thing I've heard in a long time. I'm so glad you all found each other. You're going to have a whole lifetime of happiness ahead of you."

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## 12

# RYE

"I CAN'T BELIEVE we interrupted our time with Lily to deal with this jackass," I whispered to Keane. "She was telling us about her dirty fantasies, and we had to give that up for this idiot?"

Keane's gaze met mine, and he shrugged and walked away. It wouldn't help a possible sale for the buyer to see the two of us whispering like a couple of schoolgirls.

Mr. Wentworth studied Patsy, one of our best mares. He kept walking around her and mumbling to himself. Horse people, those who live and breathe all things equine, have a certain way about them, particularly when they are around horses. Mr. Wentworth was not one of those people.

I glanced westward toward the setting sun. I could swear he was stalling. For what reason, I had no idea, but we'd wasted too much time with him already. I cleared my throat and approached him, ready to give him the fish-or-cut-bait treatment. I glanced at Keane again, and he nodded.

"Mr. Wentworth, do you have any questions about Patsy? She’s one of our finest." I pulled a carrot from my pocket and held it out for her. She ate it daintily off my palm, and I rubbed her forelock. I’d hate to see her go with a man who wouldn’t appreciate her, and I was tempted to make up an excuse to put her back in her stall.

"Oh, yes, I can see that," our visitor said.

"Perhaps you’d like us to saddle her up for you, and you could take her for a ride?" Keane strode up next to me.

Timothy Wentworth’s eyebrow rose up in surprise at what seemed to me to be a reasonable suggestion. He licked his thin lips, and I thought for sure he’d be making an excuse to leave soon, which would please me very much. Instead he responded, "Yes, that’s a good idea."

We got Patsy saddled and boosted Mr. Wentworth onto her, then Keane and I mounted up as well. We weren’t going to let this stranger have free rein around Bridgewater or give him the chance to abscond with Patsy. I wondered if I ought to remind him of the penalty for horse thieves.

As we moved away from the stables and into the open pastures, we watched Timothy closely. Was he really that bad a rider? It appeared so. Keane and I got as close to him as seemed safe just to make sure nothing happened. An inexperienced rider was a danger to themselves and more importantly in this case, the horse.

I kept staring at Mr. Wentworth and racking my brain. I felt certain I’d seen him before, though I had no reason for why that would be true. We hardly moved in the same circles. However, he was from Butte, so maybe I’d had business with him there.

"Have we met before?" I asked, riding up next to him.

He startled and then shook his head. "No, I am sure we haven’t."

"What is your business in Butte? I certainly feel as though I have seen you before today. Perhaps we ran into each other on one of my visits months ago?"

"I work for a private businessman, so I doubt if we would have crossed paths." He gave Patsy a push with his heels, and surged forward, away from me and my questions.

We were getting farther and farther from the ranch, and by now Mr. Wentworth ought to have enough information to decide if he wanted to buy Patsy or not. I whistled for her, and she turned in my direction. "Patsy," I called out, "let’s go home."

"No!" Mr. Wentworth yanked on her reins. The motion of him pulling one way and Patsy trotting another threw him from the mare. Patsy, ever obedient, which was more than I could say for Mr. Wentworth, rushed back to the stables. I was tempted to follow along, but we had a duty to see to Mr. Wentworth and at least get him back to the stable so he could leave right away and return to Butte. However, it was too late in the day for that trip. He’d probably need to stay in a hotel nearby.

Hotel! Suddenly I remembered where I’d seen him. He’d been skulking around Lily’s room at the Hotel Imperial when I’d gone searching for a witness for our wedding. He’d given me a bad feeling then, and it was even worse right now.

Mr. Wentworth managed to get to his feet before Keane and I reached him, and he appeared uninjured.

"Now I remember where I saw you," I said, without even asking after his welfare. Because I didn’t care.

"Is that so?" he asked, seeming a bit more confident than he had before.

"You were at the Hotel Imperial about two weeks ago. Hanging around the empty room where our bride was staying." I grabbed him by the front of his coat and lifted him into the air. "What are you doing here? You’re no horse buyer."

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# LILY

"THESE ARE DELICIOUS!" I nibbled on a biscuit. It was light as air.

"Now that we've done it together, I'm sure you'll be able to make perfect biscuits every time." Olivia spread jam on one of the golden discs.

"I don't know if I could ever make biscuits this good." It melted on my tongue like a buttery snowflake.

"Of course you can. Remember not to mix it too much. Leave the lard in little pea-sized balls so it melts while baking and makes light layers. You can do it."

Olivia wrapped a few biscuits in a napkin and set it on the counter. "You can take these home with you for supper tonight."

I glanced out the window and noticed the sun was getting lower and lower on the horizon. How long did it take for a man to decide whether to buy a horse or not? I sighed. "I hadn't planned to be away all afternoon," I said, wondering what I'd feed my husbands.

Olivia seemed to read my mind. "Help me peel some more potatoes and carrots to add to the meat I'm cooking, and we'll have enough for all our husbands."

"That's five hungry men," I said with a laugh.

"Well, we'd better hurry up," she replied. Being with Olivia was so easy. If I hadn't noticed the sun getting lower, I never would have realized how long we'd been together.

She got out the vegetables and a couple of paring knives, and we set to work.

"Does it usually take this long for someone to buy a horse?" I asked.

Olivia shrugged. "I don't know. That's managed by Keane and Rye. Simon only got involved because the buyer knocked on our door. It was the

oddest thing. We hardly ever have unexpected visitors. They take security very seriously around here."

"So I've noticed," I replied. "But I'm glad. It makes me feel safe."

"Yes, me, too. We are far from town or neighbors, so we have to watch out for ourselves." She cleaned a carrot and sliced it expertly into the bowl that sat between us on the table.

I was not quite so adept.

"Do you know who the man was? I think Simon mentioned he was from Butte."

"Oh, that's right. You're from Butte, too. I wonder if it's someone you know. I sort of peeked at him from the kitchen. Simon purposely blocked the door with his big broad shoulders. They don't want people gawking at their women." She finished another carrot while I continued to struggle with a particularly stubborn potato. "I didn't get a very good look at him, but I think he said his name was Tim, maybe Timothy. Yes, that's it. Timothy Wentworth."

I jabbed the knife into my thumb, and blood dripped out. "Oh," I cried reaching for a towel to clean it up.

"Are you all right, Lily?" Olivia jumped up from her seat and came to examine my thumb. "Good heavens, your hands are shaking. Are you one of those people who doesn't like the sight of blood? You just turn the other way, and I'll get some salve for this. Wait right here, I'll be back in a minute."

As soon as she left the room, I scurried for the back door.

I had to find Keane and Rye and warn them.

Glancing from side to side, I didn't see Cross anywhere. I knew my backside would pay the price for leaving the house alone, but I didn't care. I had to get to my men.

Timothy, Mr. Garner's disgusting henchman, had no scruples whatsoever. It made him an excellent assistant for the likes of Mr. Garner,

but a horrible and dangerous human being. I had no idea what he was doing at Bridgewater, but it couldn’t be anything good.

I lifted my skirts and took off at a run.

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## KEANE

"Son of a bitch!" I grabbed the man from Rye and held him up in the air myself, the better to see his face in the waning sunlight. "You! I saw you at the stable the morning we left with Lily. You were slinking around there, too. Is that what you do? Hide in the shadows and spy on people?"

I tossed him to the ground and stood over him. "What do you think we ought to do with him, Rye?"

Rye glared down at the intruder. "What are you doing here?"

"And who is the ‘private businessman’ you work for?" I was starting to get an even worse feeling deep in my stomach.

He sneered up at us. "You Bridgewater men," he spat the words, "you think you don’t have to follow society’s rules. That you can bring your debauchery here to Montana Territory and do as you please. Fornicating and lying with women who are not your wives. This place ought to be burned down."

"That’s it," I said, drawing my gun and pointing it at him. "I’m going to shoot this motherfucker."

"Not yet." Rye dragged him to his feet. "Other than coming to call us names, what’s your business? Who do you work for?"

Though I seethed with anger, I holstered my gun. But I itched to punch this man, over and over. How dare he come out here and say our ranch ought to be burned down?

A vague memory popped into my head. Where else had I heard something similar? Lily. She’d told us her former employer belonged to a group...

"You know Lily!"

"Not as well as you do, fornicators."

My fist landed on his jaw with a resounding crack.

"Well, shit, Keane." Rye turned to me. Our prisoner was out cold. "How are we going to get any answers from him now?"

I shrugged. I hadn’t thought of that. But I regretted nothing. Bastard had it coming.

"We need to get back and check on Lily. I have a feeling this guy isn’t acting alone." Rye tossed the limp Mr. Wentworth over the saddle on his horse then mounted behind him.

"Agreed."

We were on our way back to the stable when Cross rode up.

"I thought you were supposed to be with Lily and Olivia," Rye said.

His expression was grim. "I can’t find her," Cross said, and my heart sank. "I can’t find Lily."

"What?" I shouted.

"She cut herself—"

"Holy fuck. How hard is it to keep two women safe inside a house?"

"I’m sorry, Rye. Keane." He looked from him to me. "Truly. But we need to find her. She cut herself peeling a potato and, when Olivia went to get some salve for it, she ducked out the back door. I checked your place, and she’s not there, either."

A cold sweat washed over me, and Rye continued to swear.

Cross nodded toward our prisoner. "Something strange going on around here, huh?"

"Yes." I turned my horse and galloped back toward the stables. We had to find Lily.

The others caught up to me. Rye was unconcerned with whether or not Timothy Wentworth had a smooth ride. I'd have preferred to drag him behind the horse, but we might need him for some answers when he finally came to. Fucker.

I fought against panic. I was a trained soldier. Battle tested. And I'd never been so scared in my whole life.

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## 13

# RYE

BY THE TIME we got to the stables, word had gone out, and a large group of men were gathered. Some had already mounted, and all were armed. Grim faced, just like Keane and me.

We'd planned for this. Run drills. All the women were barricaded inside one of the cabins, a perimeter of armed men prepared to kill or be killed in their defense. It was an oath we'd all sworn, hoping the day would never come when we'd have to follow through.

That day was today. We could not fail. Dared not come up short.

I tossed our unconscious prisoner to the ground, and he landed with a satisfying thud. "Somebody tie him up and keep an eye on him. If anything happens to Lily, I'm going to kill him."

I'd never been more serious. I glared at the men who were waiting, but not one of them objected to my plan. They'd all do the same. Cross stepped forward and hog-tied Timothy Wentworth then dragged him toward the stable.

"This man"—I nodded toward the scumbag as he traveled over the dirt on his belly like the snake he was—"is part of a group in Butte who want to destroy Bridgewater. Think it should be burned to the ground. And one of its most prominent members is Lily’s former employer."

"That man you kneed in the balls at the hotel?" Simon said to Keane.

"Yes, and I’ve got much worse in mind for when I get hold of him."

"We need to start searching right away. Has anyone seen anything out of the ordinary today?" Though not a trained soldier, I had taken on a commanding role in the search for our bride.

Everyone shook their heads. How could we all have missed it? Our opponent might be more skilled than I had at first imagined.

"It’s going to be full dark soon," Simon said. "I’ll take a group to the west. That all right with you, Rye?"

Our bride was missing. We were in command, regardless of experience or rank. We had the most at stake.

"Yes, do that, Simon. If you find anything, fire two shots into the air."

Another group headed east. Keane and I, along with a few others moved toward the cabins and barns. On a ranch like Bridgewater, there were many places to hide. If they’d left the ranch already with Lily... well, I could not allow myself to think that.

It seemed their goal was to destroy Bridgewater. But if that was the case, why did they need Lily?

---

LILY

"YOU’RE the most despicable person I’ve ever met." Tied to a post on the front porch of the cabin I shared with Rye and Keane, I should have been

scared and, to be honest, I was. But as I stared into the snarling face of Mr. Richard Garner, all I could think about was how being near him had always made me feel vile.

"Despicable?" He glared at me and spit on the wooden porch floor next to my feet. "You disgust me. Harlot. Fornicator. Can you deny you bed two men at once? Or does your ravenous lust require even more men than that? It's that sort of sinful, shameful behavior that needs to be eradicated from the earth. It was vile enough when my poor wife found you pleasuring yourself under our roof, but I never imagined you'd stoop so low."

He yanked on the rope around my wrists.

For the hundredth time in the past hour, I lamented my decision to leave Olivia's house. But, I had to warn Keane and Rye. How was I to know Mr. Garner would be lying in wait?

I'd been running and, since I was unfamiliar with Bridgewater, I was an easy target. He'd attacked from behind and thrown me to the ground, shoving a filthy rag into my mouth.

Thankfully he'd removed that once he got me tied to the porch.

I'd seen Mr. Garner angry plenty of times during my tenure as governess for his children, but he was positively deranged, muttering to himself as he pulled the ropes on my wrists tighter and tighter.

"What do you want with me, Mr. Garner?" I asked.

"Filth like you needs to be eradicated. All of this," he gestured toward the cabin and the rest of Bridgewater, "must be banished from the earth."

"You seem hungry, Mr. Garner," I said, trying any ploy to distract him. "Why don't you untie me, and we'll go inside. I'll make you something to eat."

He slapped me across the face. "Shut up, whore. That's what you'd like to do, lure me inside and tempt me with your slutty ways. The same way you lured me to your hotel room in Butte."

Black dots danced in front of my eyes. I’d never been hit with such force before, and it took a moment to compose myself. "I did no such thing. You pretended to be delivering room service and barged into my room and attacked me. You did that. Not me." Maybe I should have been more sedate and tried to cajole him into cooperating, but he was clearly irrational. And I was angry. Angrier than I’d ever been in my life.

But that did me little good against a crazed man who had me tied up.

He stepped off the porch, and I wondered if he was simply going to leave me there like that.

No, he had much more devious plans. He returned with a can, unscrewed the top, and started pouring the contents all around me.

The pungent odor hit me. Kerosene.

"I’m going to burn you at the stake and this whole ranch with it." He sneered with satisfaction. "Gone. All of it."

Good lord. My knees buckled and, if I hadn’t been tied to the post, I’d have collapsed.

Oh, where were Rye and Keane?

Had Timothy injured them? Lured them far away so they couldn’t get back to me?

Or worse?

I gazed out into the area surrounding the cabin. Where could they be?

They’d promised to always protect me, but surely no one could have foreseen this.

All my bravado vanished. Replaced with sheer, unadulterated terror.

---

RYE

THERE'D BEEN no signal from either of the groups searching east and west. Something told me we'd find her much closer to home. I was not one for superstition or premonitions, but something in my heart called out to Lily, and I'd swear she answered.

Keane and I tied up our horses, as did the others, then worked our way through the trees to our cabin.

When we got close enough to catch a glimpse of our home, I had to stop myself from crying out. Next to me, Keane swore then immediately silenced himself.

Lily, our sweet Lily, was tied to the porch of our cabin. And that man she used to work for walked around her, sprinkling something around her feet.

Fucking hell. Did he intend to set her on fire? What the fuck was wrong with him?

Once he emptied the can, he reached into his pocket and pulled something out. He was too far away for me to see what it was.

But, the next instant he struck it across the post near Lily's head, the flame at the tip visible from a distance. A match!

Keane reached for his gun. I put my hand on his arm to stop him. "If you shoot him and he falls, that match will start a fire before we can get there to save Lily," I hissed.

"You go and get him talking, stall him. I'll take care of the rest." His gaze held mine for a long moment. Of all the things we'd been through in our lives together, nothing was more significant than the next few moments.

We didn't dare shoot into the air to call the others back to help. It would alert the lunatic who had our Lily captive that we were nearby.

Keane took off through the woods. I'd have liked to give him a few minutes to get into position, but we didn't have any time to spare. I strode into the clearing in front of our cabin.

"You there," I called. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Rye!" Lily cried out. Her voice was strained, and every cell in my body yearned to rush to her, but until the threat to her was neutralized, it was too dangerous. I kept my gaze on the flame on the end of the match.

It was only a matter of seconds before the flame would reach his fingertips, and he'd throw it for sure then.

I stared as it burned.

"I'm going to set this Jezebel on fire. Burn away her sin and the sin of everyone here." He held the match close to her face. So close I feared her hair would catch fire.

Lily blew it out.

I nearly laughed. Good girl.

"Bitch." He slapped her across the face then struck another match, holding it out in my direction. "See this? This will be the end of all of you. Fire purifies."

A shot rang out.

The match extinguished.

Before Lily's captor could strike another, I dove for him and took him to the ground, pummeling his face with my fists.

"Rye! Stop!" Lily's voice reached me through the red haze of my fury, and I paused to look at her. Keane leapt onto the porch and worked at the ropes on her wrists. The other Bridgewater men surrounded us, and I left her former employer for them to deal with as a I ran to Lily.

---

LILY

MY WHOLE BODY QUAKED, and I collapsed into the arms of Rye and Keane. "Tighter," I cried. "I can't feel you."

"Hush, kitten. We've got you." Keane's deep voice rumbled over me like a warm blanket.

In a rush, I was inside, crushed between my two men who were peppering me with questions.

"Are you hurt?"

"What did he do to you?"

"Here, put this on your jaw." Rye pressed a wet towel to my cheek.

"I wanted to kill him when he hit you," Rye said. "I'm sorry we didn't protect you from him."

"I should have shot him instead of the fucking match," Keane lamented.

"No," I managed to say. "He'll get worse than that now." Based on the wails of pain floating in from outside, I had no doubt Mr. Garner wished he'd been shot instead, too.

I blinked. "Keane, how did you make that shot?"

"I knew I had to do it to save you, sweet Lily."

"B-but are you trained for that sort of thing?" I stared at him, amazed. I'd never fired a gun, but I knew a shot like that required incredible skill.

"No, darlin'. I'm not. Never even tried it before. Never needed to." He gazed down at me, his eyes full of love. "Whatever you need, whatever it takes to keep you safe. That's what we'll do."

"You did it, Keane," Rye said.

"We did it together," Keane answered. "Lily blew out the match to give us more time. You distracted him, and I made a miracle shot. We worked together. All of us."

"My family." I held them both close. My heart overflowed.

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## 14

# LILY

"LILY, SWEETHEART, HOW ARE YOU FEELING?" Keane leaned over me, dabbing at my forehead with a wet cloth.

"Don’t wake her," Rye whispered, adjusting the pillows beneath my head.

"I’m awake," I said.

Rye swatted at Keane. "I told you to be quiet."

"I’ve been awake since the sun came up. Just like yesterday. And the day before." I pushed the long sleeves of my nightgown up to my elbows and then crossed my arms over my chest. It was time to set these two straight about a few things.

"You need your rest," Rye told me, giving Keane a withering glare.

"No, I do not. You’ve barely let me get out of bed since the incident with Mr. Garner."

"You were terrified. We were terrified. You need to rest."

I drew in a deep breath and considered my words carefully. They had made Herculean efforts to care for me over the past few days, but, honestly, once I'd had a good bath, a meal, and a decent night's sleep, I felt fine. It had been terrifying. But as Keane had said, we worked together and took care of each other. Except now they were treating me like an invalid.

"I appreciate that you are both concerned about me." I peered into their worried faces. "But I am fine. I have been fine. I will be fine. You have got to quit fussing over me." I started to push away the covers, and Rye tugged them back into place and tucked them tight beneath the mattress.

"We only want to make sure you're safe, Lily," Keane said.

"We let you down and want to make it up to you." Rye seemed crestfallen. "We made one promise to you, and we failed."

"No!" I shouted. "You did nothing of the sort. You saved me. You were brave and heroic. But you have to stop coddling me."

Keane patted my hand. "You need some breakfast. I'll go and get you some tea and toast."

I kicked my way out of the bed and stood up. "Fuck that! And fuck your tea and toast! What's happened to you two? I wore a plug in my butt for days because you told me you were going to claim me together. That it would join us all. But one little intruder gets onto the ranch and tries to burn me up, and you start acting like I'm a fragile piece of china. Or a goddamn nun."

"Lily, honey, you're overwrought. Let me help you back into the bed." Rye took my arm and tried to guide me between the sheets.

I kicked him in the shin. "Stop it. Stop it right now. Both of you."

Angry tears rolled down my cheeks and finally got their attention.

Keane put the damp towel down and sat on the edge of the bed. Rye did, too.

I drew myself up with as much dignity as I could wearing a nightgown. Which was also one of my complaints.

"Now, you two need to listen to me. First"—I yanked the nightgown over my head—"I've never worn a nightgown since we've been together, but one little scare and you've got me covered up like my grandmother." I tossed the gown to the corner. "That thing's getting burned. Understand?"

They both stared at me.

"Must be the shock of the experience," Rye said. Keane nodded.

"No!" I shouted at them. "I'm not in shock. I'm needy. You've barely touched me for three days, and god knows how long this will continue. Now, I'm your wife. You're my husbands. And I demand that you act like it and claim me. Like you promised."

---

KEANE

"BUT, you were kidnapped. And almost burned to death," I said.

Lily came and knelt in front of us, taking each of us by the hand. "Yes, that's true. But I'm not going to live the rest of my life in fear. What's happened to my two brave Bridgewater men?"

She crawled onto my lap and pushed my shoulder back until she was straddling me on the bed. My fingers touched her hips, and her breasts pressed against my chest. Her mouth lowered to mine in a kiss full of passion. "I've missed you, Keane." She turned. "You too, Rye. I've missed the three of us together."

Oh fuck yes.

I buried my face in her hair, inhaled the scent of it. My cock stirred. "We were just so scared," I whispered. "So scared of losing you." I drew in a ragged breath.

"I was scared, too." She raised herself up and peered deep into my eyes. "But I love you. And I love Rye. I need you to claim me. I need it more than I need another sponge bath or a bowl of broth."

I glanced over at Rye. "We might have overdone it."

He nodded. "I'm starting to see that."

Lily busied herself opening the buttons of my shirt while I toed off my boots. Rye jumped up from the bed and stripped in a matter of seconds. I passed Lily to him and finished removing the rest of my clothes before joining them in the big bed.

"Are you sure you're ready, Lily?" Rye asked, his brow still furrowed with worry.

"Yes." She wrapped her arms around his neck. Then straddled his thigh and rubbed her cunny up and down the length of it. "What does that tell you about how ready I am?"

He gave her ass a swat. "You're getting pretty sassy. What happened to blushing Lily?"

"Blushing Lily misses her men." She lowered her mouth and kissed his chest.

"Well, we're back so you'd better get ready," he growled before kissing her hard and grabbing her breasts. He shifted her so her knees were on either side of him, her rounded backside directly in my line of sight.

"Fuck me." I touched the delicate skin of her ass, kneading it in my palms.

Lily glanced over her shoulder at me. "I think that's what I've been saying for the last few minutes."

I gave her bottom a swat, making a red handprint in her creamy flesh. "I think you need a few swats to remind you to keep that pert mouth of yours for kissing and cock sucking. Not bossing us around."

"Or swearing," Rye added. "Not to mention how you defied my instructions to stay with Olivia inside the house until one of us came to get

you."

"Fine," she said. "Just get on with it. I’m dying here."

Rye had his fingers deep in her cunny. "She’s not kidding about that."

I raised my palm and brought it down hard on the center of her ass with a satisfying smack.

"Ouch!"

"You told me to get on with it." And I did, swatting all over the surface of her back end until it was crimson.

As I smacked, Rye continued to stroke her pussy. Lily’s cries of ecstasy mixed with her moans of pain from the impacts.

I stepped away and found the lubricant that we used with the plugs. When I returned, Rye lifted his hips and drove into Lily’s pussy with a satisfied cry. "Oh fuck. How did we go without this for so many days? We’re idiots!" He pushed deeper.

I paused for a moment and watched the two people I loved most in the world as they enjoyed themselves. My family.

And damn it. I wanted my part.

I grabbed Lily’s hips and held on while Rye fucked her from underneath. I reached around and touched the hard nub of her clit, and she moaned. "Yes," she cried out.

I leaned across her back and whispered in her ear. "Are you ready, Lily? I’m going to claim your ass now."

---

LILY

KEANE’S WHISPER sent a shiver of delight and longing through me.

"Yes," I groaned. "Please."

So good. It all felt so good. Better than good. Perfect. Heavenly. Finally, I was getting what I’d craved for days. My men. Virile take-charge Bridgewater men who knew how to show their woman she belonged to them.

Rye gripped my waist and held me in place as he drove into me again and again. He stretched up and kissed me, his tongue taking charge of mine and plundering my mouth. I clung to his shoulders while my knees ground into the mattress.

Keane continued to lean down with his hard chest brushing my back and sending shivers of desire through me. I was pressed between my two men. My husbands.

Keane whispered in my ear again as he moved his hand between our bodies, working the lubricant along the crack between my cheeks. "You feel so good, Lily. I’m about ready to put my cock in you, here." He pushed a finger into my bottom hole, and I gasped. He brought it out and then pushed it in again.

"Oh, oh," I whimpered.

He kissed my shoulder then stood up.

I tensed. This was really happening.

Rye took hold of my face between his palms. "Relax, sweetheart. Look at me and take a deep breath. Focus on me. I love you, sweet Lily. So much."

His gaze was intense. Like the very first time I saw him in the park. A lifetime ago. "I love you, too, Rye."

Keane rested his cock on my bottom hole then slowly pushed it in. I inhaled sharply.

"You’re doing great, Lily," Rye assured me. "Just like with the plugs. Take another deep breath and let Keane in. Let him claim your ass."

I inhaled and willed my pucker to relax. Keane pushed in farther.

"Oh fuck, Lily. This feels so good. I don’t think I’ll last long."

The fullness was incredible. As I became accustomed to Keane’s cock in my ass, Rye started moving again, his cock pushing deep into my core. I cried out as Keane went all the way in.

"Yes," Keane groaned. "Lily, I love you so much."

He pistoned in and out, while Rye moved up and down. I glanced along the length of my body and watched as Rye impaled my pussy. The smell of sex floated in the air, and I inhaled it in heaving gulps as my heart raced and my pulse pounded. Seeing my body joined with Rye’s filled me with a sense of belonging. Being owned.

Keane’s powerful thighs pushed against mine.

"See, Lily?" Rye said. "We’re all joined. The three of us are as one because of you. You’re our everything."

"Shut up and fuck her," Keane called out.

They both moved in earnest, and I was carried away on a wave of euphoria. I shouted incoherently, the walls of my pussy clutching around Rye’s cock. He came hard inside me; his cock pulsed as he cried out. My arms went limp, and Rye supported me while Keane held my hips. I shattered into a million pieces.

"Oh hell," Keane groaned. "I can’t hold out any longer." His hot seed shot into my bottom hole, and he fell forward, bracing himself on the mattress as his chest rested against my back. "Oh, Lily," he whispered. "That was wonderful. You’re wonderful."

After a moment, Keane withdrew, and so did Rye. Then they settled me on the bed between them and pulled the covers up over us.

"Our blushing bride," Rye said.

"Always," I replied.

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